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OR,

THE PLYMOUTH SCOUT.

BY W. J. HAMILTON,

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EUTAWAN, THE SLAYER.

CHAPTER I.

MARK MYERLE AND EUTAWAN.

"STEADY, men ; single file ; march !" cried a low voice.

A small body of foot soldiers were making their way cautiously along a forest path, moving with the stately tread of the soldiers of the old time, as with conical hats, old-fashioned muskets, and heavy swords, with cumbrous belts and sashes, and the heavy daggers and pistols of the day, they went on their course. These were the Puritan soldiery, a part of the army which they formed in the "good old colony days." They were nearly a dozen in all, stout-built fellows every one, of the same material of which Cromwell made his Ironsides. Men who would fight with a prayer-book in one hand and a sword in the other, and whether fighting or praying, do good service. Their stern watchword was, "trust in God and keep your powder dry," taught them by their veteran leader, gallant old Miles Standish, the fighting man of the colony.

The leader, whose voice had been heard, was a young man, perhaps twenty-five years of age. He was rather gayly dressed, and there was something in his air which bespoke him one of the best blood of England. He wore his own hair loose upon his shoulders, despising the cropped heads of the more strict among the Puritans. That hair was long, glossy and curled slightly. He wore heavy mustaches, which gave a soldierly appearance to his whole face, which was open, manly, and handsome. His dress was a padded coat of rich green stuff, strong enough to resist an Indian arrow, heavy boots, reaching to his knees, which were covered by the skirts of the coat, which was belted at the waist by a stout leathern girdle, sus-

taining a broadsword, an elegant pair of pistols and a broad-bladed dagger of the finest steel. His hat was of the conical pattern with a drooping black feather, and the shoulders of his coat showed the insignia of his rank, a lieutenant in the Puritan service. In figure he was stoutly built, with a noble breadth of shoulder, and looked every inch a soldier.

He was at the head of the line as they emerged from the woods, and saw before them the peninsula of Shawmut, lying upon its beautiful bay. It was midsummer, and the hills were crowned with verdure, and the white houses of the miniature city rose in front, the pride of the colony. They had dreams of future greatness, but who shall say that their dreams ever approached the reality.

"There is Boston, sergeant," said the young lieutenant, "and we rest. Take two files and proceed to the residence of the Governor, where you will find Mistress Annie Carncross in waiting to be taken to Salem. Let her know that Lieutenant Myerle has been sent by John Carncross to guard her, and let her come at once, as I have no fancy to be upon the trail by night."

The stout old soldier saluted, and calling out the men he needed by their names, crossed the peninsula in the direction of Boston, while the rest of the band, stacking their muskets, bivouacked upon the greensward of the isthmus to wait his return. There was only one other officer in the party, and that one was a boyish-looking fellow in the dress of an ensign.

"You look perplexed, Mark," he said, in a quiet voice. "What is the matter?"

"I fear danger," replied Mark Myerle. "I dread that the Indians will not let us pass safely upon our return."

"That is the first time I ever heard you hint at being afraid of any number of the red thieves, Mark," said the ensign, with a light laugh. "Can it be that the lieutenant of Miles Standish, the man who learned to fight at his feet, knows what fear means?"

"Tush, Saul; be silent. I have no fear for myself, and as for these rough-hided fellows who follow me, they have fought Indians too long to care for them in the least. But, look you; it is different when we have a fair lady under our charge, who is not accustomed to the devices of the savage foe."

"I do not think the Indians will do us any wrong. The Wampanoags are our friends."

"But what of the Narragansetts, Saul Hinton? I know that in the sachem of that tribe we have a powerful enemy, and one whom we have good reason to fear. He is cunning enough to wait, but he will strike when the time comes."

"Look there!" cried Saul, pointing to the forest.

The bushes had suddenly parted and a young Indian sprung out upon the plain, and was coming toward them at the peculiar lope of the Indian on the trail, and which he can follow, tireless as the hound upon the scent, day after day. Mark, who had been reclining upon the sod, leaped to his feet, and regarded the young savage curiously.

"By heaven I know that man," he cried. "As I live by bread it is Eutawan, the son of Massasoit. Why does he come here?"

The young chief, for such was his rank in the tribe, advanced to the side of the lieutenant, and taking his hand pressed it to his own bosom in a friendly manner. He was a noble specimen of forest manliness, six feet high, straight as an arrow, with a kingly head, showing the good points of the noble race from which he sprung, the race of King Philip, the Wampanoag. He was dressed in the peculiar garb of the Indian of that day, with leggings ornamented with long hair, his noble breast bare and a blanket thrown loosely over his shoulders. At his back was his quiver, filled with long arrows, and his bow was in his hand, but not strung. In the wampum-belt which confined his breech-cloth hung a heavy hatchet and a large knife.

"Eutawan," said Mark, in the Indian language, "I am glad to meet you here, but why is the Wampanoag so far from his father's wigwam?"

"Eutawan is not a child, that his father should say, 'stay here,' and 'go there.' Eutawan is a chief in his tribe and loves his white brothers."

"I believe it, I believe it, chief. But, you have some good reason to be here, or I should not see you."

"Good; my brother speaks true words. Eutawan is not a fool to waste his time in idle deeds. A dark cloud hangs over the big wigwam and over the friends of Eutawan."

first the big canoe came to Shawmut, a chief of my tribe met them, and said, 'Welcome, Englishmen.' He said it because he loved to think that the great white men would live among us, and teach us how to be great. What did Canonicus do; he, the sachem of Narragansett? He sent arrows wrapped in a rattlesnake skin, and Standish sent back powder and ball in the skin, and the chief was afraid. White man, the Narragansetts are not your friends."

"I know it."

"You have an enemy at home. He creeps disguised into the wigwams of the Narragansetts, and tells them that they must drive out the Englishman, or he will take all the land. He came to Mount Hope, but my good father laughed him to scorn."

"Do you know him?"

"No; he covers his face when he comes among us, and says he has taken a vow never to show it until the white men cease from off the land."

"This is a strange tale, Eutawan. Nevertheless, I believe you speak the truth, and will at once go to Boston and tell the Governor what I have heard."

"No," said Eutawan. "Do not that, for this snake in the grass is crafty. If he finds that the white men are on the watch he will crawl closer. Let us keep silent and watch, and one day he will show himself."

"I think you are right, Eutawan. And now I want you to do a little service for me."

"What is it? The hand of Eutawan is always ready to do service for my brother. Tell him what to do."

"Go out upon the trail between this and Salem and scout. Look well to the path, and when you come in tell me if the road is safe for the tender feet of a woman to tread. If you think there is danger, take this scarf, and wave it from the top of yonder pine which stands upon the hill."

He pointed out the tree, and the Indian took the scarf, wound it about his waist, strung his bow, and waving his hand in a lofty gesture of farewell, bounded away on his mission. The forest hid him from view.

"What did the red thief have to say for himself, Mark?" said Saul Hinton, with a puzzled look.

"Never call that Indian by an ill name, Saul. So far from being a thief, he is a noble, true-hearted man, in whose hand I would trust my life."

"No doubt, no doubt; but you know that I have no especial love for Indians myself, having suffered at their hands. As you spoke in the Indian tongue, and I do not understand the language, you might far better have spoken in Greek."

"He gave me good information which for the present I will keep secret. Do you think any of the men understand the Indian language?"

"Not that I am aware; why do you ask?"

"I have reasons for asking that what he said be kept from all men for a time, and it may be the means of trapping the greatest scoundrel who ever went unhung. I was right about the Narragansetts, however; they will soon be upon the war-path."

"Let them; as for me, I am tired of this inactivity. A little touch of war soothes me more than you can imagine, and I am afraid that there is a touch of the tiger in my blood, for I glory in a fight."

This was literally true. Slight and effeminate as Saul Hinton appeared, he was one of the bravest in the small army which was the safeguard of the colony. A finished swordsman, a deadly shot, and a compact mass of thews and sinews, and, kept in subjection by the cooler head of Mark Myerle, a skillful leader.

"There spoke the soldier," said Mark, laughing. "There is the old Buccaneer blood peeping out, my dear Saul. I am happy to tell you that you will soon have fighting enough to satisfy even you, hot as you are."

"God send it may come soon," said Saul, drawing his sword half out of the scabbard, and dropping it again with a clang. "The sooner the better, say I, and so no doubt think the men."

"We are Roundheads, every man," said one of the soldiers, "but as for fighting, we take that when it comes. I marvel that our good lieutenant will trust yonder red-skin."

"You do not know him as I do, Giles," replied Mark, looking sternly at the man, a hard-favored fellow who had evi

dently seen rough service. "I would trust him sooner than many white men I know."

Carter cast down his eyes, with a dark and lowering look and said nothing, while Mark drew Saul Hinton apart, and conversed with him for some time in a low tone. They were interrupted by the sound of horses' feet and the tread of men, and the sergeant came back, guarding a young lady who was riding a light pony, an invaluable animal in these early days, where horses were rarely seen in the colonies. She was young, and dressed in good taste according to the fashion of the day, though that fashion would seem strange to us now. Her face was rather pale, the result of a long sea voyage, but her eyes sparkled with fun, and it is no wonder that the lieutenant thought her a beautiful creature, as he advanced to meet her, hat in hand, bowing with the stately grace of the day.

"I am happy to greet you, Mistress Annie Carncross, after your sea voyage, and hope you will like the new country we are laboring to build up."

"It is beautiful, sir," she said, "and better than that, it is free. I believe I speak to Lieutenant Mark Myerle, of Salem."

He bowed in reply.

"My good father sent you to convey me to my new home, and this worthy soldier informed me that you are in haste. I hope I have not trespassed too greatly upon your time?"

"I am here at your service, Mistress Annie, but the times are perilous, and I would not have you pass on the way to Salem by night. The savages are not in good humor now, and my men fight best by daylight."

"I hope we shall not need to fight, lieutenant," said Annie, turning slightly pale. "I am enough of a European to dread these terrible savages."

"I have no doubt we shall pass safely through," said Mark, "for the Indians know better than to assail my men upon fair ground. You have come early enough to give us daylight for our journey, and I have no dread of an attack. Nevertheless, it is time we were upon the way. Sergeant, put your men in order, and march and we will follow."

The squad at once assumed their arms, shouldered their

muskets, and marched past in good style, looking determined enough for any work. One man, Giles Carter, cast a lowering look at the young lady, but averted his head as her eyes met his, and Mark laid his hand upon the bridle-rein and led the pony forward. As they go on their way, let us explain why this fair lady, fitted by birth and beauty to adorn a court, was found in this new country surrounded by savage men.

John Carnecross was one of the straitest of the Puritan sect, and when the Mayflower set sail from Holland, he had sailed with her, leaving his wife and daughter behind, not satisfied to carry them with him to a strange country until he had tried its dangers and smoothed the path for their tender feet. They had remained in London, having sufficient wealth to live where they pleased for several years, until new cities began to spring up about Shawmut and Plymouth, and John Carnecross was high in the esteem of the Puritan fathers. Mrs. Carnecross suddenly died in London, leaving her daughter alone, and, converting all their wealth into gold, she had sailed for Plymouth, and arrived unexpectedly, from which she sent a messenger to Salem announcing her arrival and her mother's death. It was the first news of the event the stout old Puritan had received, but he bowed his head to the stroke and thanked God that his daughter was left, and had been safely landed in the New World. He sent Lieutenant Myerle and his party to conduct her to Salem, where he was at this time the head of the council.

Mark Myerle was a younger son of a noble house, who had preferred to work out his own future in a new country to the desperate task of waiting for dead men's shoes. As his tastes were military, he quickly found his place, and became one of the leading spirits of the new colony.

Walking at Annie's bridle-rein he talked upon many subjects, when he was startled by a call from the sergeant.

"What is it?" he said.

"Look yonder," replied the soldier.

Mark looked toward the distant hill, and there, upon the top of the lofty pine, he saw the red scarf fluttering in the breeze.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST BLOOD.

"THE signal," muttered Mark, a flush rising to his brow. "There is danger ahead, or Eutawan would not have made the sign. Halt! Ensign Hilton, hold the men in readiness to advance at my signal, which will be the waving of my scarf from yonder rock. If, on the contrary, I fire my pistol, you will form the men, and retreat at once by forced marches to Boston. I shall not give the signal last named unless the danger is very great."

He looked well to the priming of his musket, and throwing it to a trail, set out rapidly along the forest path. Annie would have called him back, for she felt that on him her hopes of safety depended, but the words died in her throat.

"Stand fast, boys, and wait the signal," said Saul Hinton, in a low voice. "But, as for retreating, if I do that when Mark Myerle is in danger, may my right hand forget its cunning."

"You forget the lady," said the man called Carter, in a low tone.

"I forget nothing," replied Hinton. "The lady is the daughter of John Carnecross, and his blood never counsels dishonor to a soldier."

Annie said nothing, but her eyes beamed gloriously, and she gave her hand to the ensign with a royal grace, and the blood started to his face.

"When I retreat in the hour of danger, or dishonor the name of my father, may palsy strike me down.

"Who would not be a hero for such a woman?" he cried.

"Enough, enough, sir. I fear not but you will do your duty nobly, and that these good soldiers will stand by you to the last. Hark! did I not hear a distant shout?"

"I thought so myself," said Hinton, "and there is something marvelously like an Indian in the cry. Look out, Carter, and see if the lieutenant is giving the signal."

Carter looked out of the thicket and returned a negative answer. At this moment two reports were heard.

Mark had hurried forward in the direction of the lofty pine, upon the top of which the scarf was waving, and half the way had not been passed when he heard, far in front, the long, low, tremulous wail which the Indian gives forth when he tears off the scalp of the enemy, the terrible scalp-cry. Could it be that the generous Wampanoag had fallen a victim to the wiles of the enemy, and lay dead in the forest? As the thought came into his mind the young soldier quickened his pace involuntarily, and grasped his musket more firmly, when he heard the rush of coming feet and threw himself upon his guard, even while burying his body in the thicket beside the path. A moment after Eutawan came in view, a keen knife, red with blood, in one hand and the reeking scalp of a Narragansett in the other, which, as he ran, he thrust into his belt. Close behind him, eager, panting like bloodhounds in pursuit of game, came three huge Narragansetts, each bearing a heavy hatchet in his hand. As he ran, Eutawan put his right hand to the quiver and drew out an arrow. His bow was hanging at the back, but the string was loose, and he had no time to tighten it. What then did he intend to do with the arrow? A moment sufficed to show, for, grasping it by the feathered tip, he wheeled quickly, and threw it from the hand at the foremost Indian. To Mark's utter surprise, it flew as straight and true as if shot by a strong bow, and was buried to the feather in the breast of the Narragansett, who reeled blindly backward, plucked at the feather, now dabbled in his heart's best blood, and with an unearthly groan dropped dead upon the greensward, as Eutawan turned to continue his flight. Just then Mark started out with a shout, baring his sword as he did so, and Eutawan turned back, greeting him with a hoarse cry of delight, and they closed with the two stout warriors. Both were brave men and skillful in war, or they never would have had the temerity to follow a man of the great fame of the son of Massasoit, knowing that he was a match for the best two among their race. Caught in a trap, they could only turn upon death like dying panthers and fight to the last, with little hope of escape. Sangamo Narragansett, (slayer of the Narragansett)

as Mark Myerle was called among the tribo, ~~was~~ famed as a skillful warrior, and the two braves felt themselves doomed. But, even as they closed they set up a succession of piercing yells, evidently as signals to their companions to join them.

"Narragansett," cried Mark, pointing his sword, "is the hatchet dug up, or why do I find you with the trail of the friend of the white man?"

"Eutawan is a great fool. He will not let the white men tread upon the graves of his father. Though even King Philip should sing it in his ears."

"Ha," said Eutawan, smiting his breast fiercely. "How many scalps of Narragansett braves hang upon the lodge-pole of Eutawan?"

"Look," cried the Narragansett, striking it with his hand. "This arm has been reddened to the elbow with the blood of the Wampanoags. It shall be redder yet, because the tribe will be fools and listen no more to the words of wisdom."

"Go your ways," said Mark, waving his sword. "We have no quarrel with the Narragansett as yet, for the arrow has not been sent to us. I set you free and bid you go."

"I will not suffer it," said Eutawan, savagely. "See: these dogs set upon me, four to one, and two of them have fallen. If the Slayer of the Narragansetts will stand aside, two more scalps will hang to my girdle."

"Why do you listen?" cried Mark, addressing the taller of the two Indians, a huge fellow in a necklace of bear's claws, painted like a demon in fantastic shapes and colors.

"He listens for the coming of his friends," said the Narragansett. "They will sweep the Slayer from their path, when they come in anger."

"Down with them," cried Mark, rushing upon the speaker, sword in hand, and making a thrust at him which, if it had taken effect, would have ended the fray as far as he was concerned. But the Indian was on the alert, and the knife turned the sword aside, while he rushed in to strike with his hatchet. Mark parried the tomahawk with his dagger, and stepping back a pace, lunged again, but his blade fell upon thin air, as the savage glided aside like quicksilver, the blade passing him with a sharp hiss, and at the same time the savage threw his hatchet. Eluding it by a rapid movement, Mark

darted in and passed his blade through the body of his adversary, who dropped without a groan, and Mark whirled upon his heel to aid his Indian friend.

He saw Eutawan locked in a fierce grapple with the remaining savage, who was nearly his match in strength, although not in activity. Grasping each other by the waist, they rolled over and over upon the sod, each striving to free himself from the grip of the other long enough to strike a blow. It was a savage struggle, and in the end Eutawan struggled up, with his knee upon the breast of his enemy. But his knife-hand was still griped by the Narragansett, and he could not free it. Mark would have darted in to aid him, but an angry cry from Eutawan restrained him, and, although he felt that they were wasting precious time, he did not like to make the chief angry by interference. The struggle was still at its height, when Mark heard the tread of feet, and signals began to sound in the forest about them.

“Look out, chief; here they come.”

Eutawan freed his knife-hand by a mighty effort. Half a minute after another reeking scalp hung in his girdle. Just as they turned to fly, the death-cry was set up over the man at whom Eutawan had thrown the arrow, and whom he had not had time to scalp. The pursuers halted for a moment over the body, and while they were doing it, the two men were making rapid time down the path, running as if their lives depended upon their speed, as indeed they did. A hundred yards from the great rock from which Mark had promised to give the signal, two Indians, armed with muskets, sprung out into the path and faced them. The weapons were already leveled, when Mark, halting, leveled a double-barreled pistol and fired. Only one man in the colony could equal him in the use of that weapon. The Indians fell, one with a shattered collar-bone and the other shot through the heart.

Bounding over their bodies, the brave men turned the angle of the rock, when they saw figure after figure gliding through the underbrush in front. The length of the struggle had given the Indians time to surround them completely, and they were indeed in the toils.

“To the rocks!” cried Mark.

They were men who had faced danger in every shape, and

always were ready to meet it. To such, every place was marked down in memory for future use. A single rugged path led up the face of a lofty cliff, and up this Eutawan bounded, closely followed by Mark. The rock was about forty feet high and unassailable except upon one side, and that the one by which they had mounted. The front of this rock was somewhat higher than the back, and formed a sort of parapet which two brave men might keep for some time against a host.

"Thank God I halted my men, or Mistress Annie would have fallen into the hands of these fiends. By this time I hope that they are far away on their retreat to Boston, for they surely heard my pistol," said Mark.

"Saul Hinton is very brave," said Eutawan, in a doubting tone. "Will he run away?"

"He must obey orders," replied Mark. "That is the first duty of a soldier; and now, to keep this place as long as we can against the Narragansetts, and make them pay a duty for our scalps. There they are."

Numerous dark forms could be seen, gliding serpent-like through the foliage, and drawing a cordon closer and closer about the beleaguered rock. Mark reserved his fire, though he had reloaded his pistol, and primed his musket carefully. Eutawan strung his bow, and prepared himself for work.

"Slayer of the Narragansetts," he said, in a low, musical voice, "friend of my heart, the hour is very near. Perhaps we shall never again see the home of our fathers, or stand beside their graves. This is well; there is a time to die as well as live, but we will go hand in hand to the spirit world. See; I am a poor Indian—I know nothing. The Master of Life has taught me that I must live such a life, that, when I die, I may go to the happy-hunting ground, there to hunt the deer forever. Your book teaches you other things, and it is right to obey it. Will you take my hand before we die?"

Mark replied by grasping the hand of the chief firmly in his own, while he said in the Indian language: "We will live if we *can*, we will die if we *must*, and no man could die in braver company than yours."

Eutawan took up his bow and fitted an arrow to the string. The Narragansetts, knowing nothing of the character of their

enemies, although the trail had long ago told them their number, were coming on with true Indian subtlety and craft, creeping upon their faces like serpents with their bows ready. They had few muskets, for in that early day it was a crime to sell such weapons to the Indians, and only few traders of the worst class had been wicked enough to engage in the clandestine trade.

"I see one," said Eutawan, in a low voice.

"Give him an arrow," replied Mark, in the same tone.

The Wampanoag brought the bow to a level, and his bright eye glanced along the shaft. Twang! A streak of light cleft the air, glancing downward. That light was the shaft from the Indian bow, and a Narragansett, who had been peeping out from behind a tree, staggered to his feet, slain, like Harold the Saxon, by an arrow in the eye. For a moment he clutched blindly at the air, and then, with a shrill cry, dropped in a heap at the foot of the tree.

"Down!" cried Mark.

Both crouched behind the natural parapet, and a flight of arrows whistled over their heads or rattled against the rocks. Eutawan sprung to his feet and pealed out his note of defiance, and was taught a lesson in prudence, for a well-aimed shaft grazed his cheek, drawing blood upon it, and producing an effect like the smart stroke of a whip. Mark thrust out his musket, and as the Indian leaped forward to note the effect of the shot, he received a bullet full in the breast, and fell. As the report sounded, every noise was hushed and not a savage was in sight, for it takes but little to tame the ardor of an Indian band, notoriously indisposed to face firearms.

"Do you know their number, Eutawan?" said Mark, as they crouched side by side.

"Narragansetts, so many," said the chief, extending and closing both open hands four times.

"Forty! Very good; is that all?"

"White men, so many," holding up four fingers.

"White men?"

"Eutawan has spoken.

"How do you know that there are white men in this band?"

"The trail is to Eutawan like an open book. The Indian

on the march steps long, and the white man short. The Indian turns his toes in, the white man turns his toes *out*. Good ; Eutawan is not a fool."

"It must be so since you say it, and confirms the statement you made some time ago, that we had traitors in our own colony. Ha! get ready, for we are to have a combined attack."

Mark laid his pistols and sword upon the rock, close at hand upon one side of the narrow passage by which the enemy must assail him, and Eutawan put his hatchet and knife upon the other side. The attack, whoever directed it, was well planned. A party of bowmen, lying in the skirts of the woods, covered the advance of a forlorn hope of ten men, who, making a circuit, approached the rock in two parties. The moment they came in view two of them were put *hors du combat* by the defenders of the rock, one going to the rear with an arrow through his shoulder, and the other with an arm broken by a musket ball.

All at once Mark saw Eutawan drop his bow, and begin to roll a heavy rock up the parapet to its verge.

"Help ; quick !" he cried.

Mark applied his strength to the rock, while the enemy were grouped together below in such a position that they could not be seen, nor observe the movements of their opponents. By the exertion of their united strength, the two men rolled the stone, weighing nearly six hundred pounds, to the very verge of the cliff, facing the path up which the enemy must come. They had barely done so when a shout apprised them that the enemy was in motion, and heads appeared at the pass in front.

"Back !" cried Mark. "For your lives !"

They answered by defiant shouts and sprung on. Mark and Eutawan applied their shoulders to the stone, and the next moment, scattering every thing before it, the great rock went bounding down the slope directly toward the advancing ~~ice~~, hemmed into the narrow pass.

CHAPTER III.

THE UNANSWERED CALL.

THE thunderbolt fell !

The pass was not more than five feet wide, and as the stone nearly filled its entire width, escape was impossible. The Narragansetts fled, shrieking, but vainly. Mark, having set the ponderous stone in motion, covered his face with his hands that he might not see them die. There came a succession of pitiful cries, and then the pass was clear, and the assailants, crushed out of the semblance of humanity, lay dead in the narrow way.

At that horrible sight, all the remaining Narragansetts rose *en masse*, and a fearful attack began. Regardless of consequences, they came pouring up the pass. The quiver of Eutawan was emptied against them, the pistols of Mark had been discharged, and yet they had only succeeded in checking their advance, not in forcing them to retreat.

Mark, seizing his sword, took his station at the entrance, and the gallant Indian silently moved forward to his right hand, holding a hatchet in one hand, a knife in the other. Hased and his Ghebers, when they held the pass against the swarming myriads of the Emir, never did more gallant deeds than these two heroic men. They could only sell their lives dearly ; they could not hope to escape. The pass would not admit the advance of more than two of the enemy at once, and they pushed on, only to fall by the deadly weapons of the two friends. Mark Myerle's blade was red from point to hilt ; the hatchet of Eutawan was crimson ; but their strength was going fast, when they heard a hearty English shout, and a close volley was poured into those of the enemy grouped about the base of the rock.

At that shout, coming so unexpectedly, and that welcome aid, Mark felt his arm nerved with three-fold vigor, and the eyes of Eutawan began to glow. The Narragansetts heard it too ; and their hearts failed them, and the miserable remnant

broke, and fled into the forest, pursued by the shots and shouts of the rescue-party. Mark came down and found his own men waiting for him, wild with the ardor of battle, led by Saul Hinton, holding his blood-stained sword in his hand.

"Shake hands, lieutenant," cried he, heartily. "Did you think I would retreat, and leave you to your fate?"

"I am glad you came, Saul," said Mark, bluntly. "We could have thinned the knaves somewhat, but, by this time, our scalps would have hung at the belt of an enemy. But, where is the lady?"

"Oh, we left her yonder under guard of Giles Carter, who volunteered for the purpose."

"Give the signal for him to come forward. I think we may pursue our way in safety."

"Shall we bury these men?"

"Not at present. I will send out a party to-morrow to do the work."

"Look," said Eutawan, significantly, touching one of the dead men with his foot. "Do you know what it is that lies here dead?"

"A Narragansett, by his dress."

"A Narragansett? No! My brother has yet much to learn. Did he ever see an Indian with a face like the moon when it is full? Let him look again at this dead man, and be not deceived by his paint."

Mark looked more closely at the painted face, and acknowledged that it had but little of the Indian type about it. Eutawan smiled, and kneeling by the dead form, he took a small cup from a pocket in his blanket, dipped it in the running brook, and began to wash the paint from the dead face. A moment more, and the face of a white man was revealed, and Mark uttered a cry of surprise.

"I give you credit for knowing more of this band than I do, Eutawan. Come forward, men. Do any of you know this dead man?"

"I have seen him once, lieutenant," said one of the men, saluting.

"Where?"

"At Boston. He was a sailor in the last ship which came to harbor before the one which brought Mistress Annie."

"What character did he bear?"

"Not the best. He deserted shortly after he landed, and the ship sailed without him."

At this moment Saul Hinton, who had moved away to warn Giles Carter and the lady that they were ready to march, came back with a frightened face.

"They do not answer the signal, lieutenant. Can it be possible that the Indians have found them in their flight?"

"Where did you leave them?" cried Mark, turning pale.

"Under the great pine which you see yonder. I bade them keep close, and watch for our signal."

"By heaven, you have done wrong, Saul Hinton, and I tell you that the lady is dead or captured. Who will go to her gray-haired father and say, 'We have been unfaithful, and your daughter is in the hands of the Narragansetts?' I dare not, for one. Show me the place where you left her."

They hurried away, bidding the men follow, and reached the pine trees. Under them, imprinted upon the sod, they saw the marks of the pony's feet here and there, and beside them the tracks of the heavy boots of Giles Carter. These were the only traces they could find.

"Have Indians been here, Eutawan?" demanded Mark.

"No," replied Eutawan; "no one but the white lady and the soldier."

"Then where have they gone? Can you tell?"

"Look, Mark; Eutawan is your friend. Take your soldiers and go to Salem, and leave the Wampanoag to follow the trail of Carter, who has stolen the pale lily."

"Stolen her? You do not mean that, surely!"

"He is a bad man," replied the Indian. "If the White Lily went with him willingly, it is because he is a liar. The heart of Carter is black; his words are cruel, and he hates the great tribe of the Wampanoags. See: I will never leave this trail until the White Lily is in her father's arms, or another chief has gone to the happy hunting-grounds."

"You will need help; you can not go alone, and I shall be disgraced if I go back to Salem like a coward, leaving her to her fate."

"It is better to go back. Eutawan has followed the trail so long that he needs no help and would rather go alone

As he walks the trail he will say, 'The White Lily has eyes brighter than the flowers which blossom in the valley,' and the heart of Eutawan will be glad when he can say to her 'Come, your friends wait for you, and they are sad.' Let me go."

"It is better so, Mark," said Saul Hinton. "Eutawan knows the way of the forest better than we do, and will not fail to do his work well. Let us return to Salem, and take our orders from the Governor. Take heart from the fact that she is in the hands of Carter, who will surely do her no harm."

"Listen," said Eutawan; "she were better and safer with the panther than with Carter, who has a cruel heart."

"You wrong him, Indian."

"I wrong no man," replied Eutawan, proudly. "A Wampanoag is always just."

"Time will show," replied Saul, quietly. "In the mean time, I have faith in Carter."

"I have not," replied Myerle. "I have never trusted his dark face, and I believe that Eutawan is right."

"You will see," cried Saul, obstinately. "He has come to the conclusion that we are beaten, and has taken to the woods, and will make for Salem by a roundabout course. Perhaps, if we do not make haste he will be there before us."

"You are talking to keep up your courage, Saul Hinton," said Mark, angrily. "Bear in mind that it was your disobedience of my orders which brought this calamity upon her."

The face of the ensign dropped, and there was a suspicious moisture in his dark eyes as he turned away his head. He loved Mark Myerle better than a brother. They had fought side by side in many a desperate Indian engagement, and reproof from his lips was hard indeed to bear. The lieutenant saw the look upon his face, and caught his hands in his.

"No, no, Saul, my brother; I did not mean to say that, but my heart is nearly broken at the thought of this calamity."

"I know it, Mark, I have done wrong; but, if you could have seen her face when the shot was fired. I turned to her and said, 'You heard my orders; shall I obey them, or advance

to the rescue of my friend?" "Advance," she cried. "You could not turn your back upon him like a coward!" So I went, and this is the result."

"Carter took fright easily, it seems to me."

"Let us try to believe that he is faithful, my dear Mark, and, heavy at heart, march away for Salem. But, I tell you the truth; I would sooner chop my right hand off at the wrist, never to wield sword or dagger more, than to tell this news to Carnecross."

"Yet it must be done. Eutawan, in you all my hopes are centered. Follow this trail if it leads you into the Narragansett lodges, and by any means find out what has become of Annie Carnecross."

Eutawan made a gesture of assent, and, waving an adieu to them, set off into the forest, following the pony's tracks. Mark watched him until the forest hid him from view, and then, with a deep sigh, he led the troops upon the road toward Salem. Stepping over the body of his dead enemy, the white man, he bethought him to search his pockets. He found some money, which he divided among his men; a strange old watch; a beautiful Spanish dagger, and a letter, which bore this inscription:

"MISTRESS MILLICENT TOWNLY,
At the sign of the Twin Roses,
At Salem,
In Plymouth Colony.
These with speed."

"This is strange," said Mark, as he turned the letter over in his hand. "What can this scoundrel have to do with a letter to pretty Milly? Odds my life, it is wonderful."

He put the letter in the pocket of his doublet, together with the watch, and once more placed himself at the head of his men. They could not reach Salem that night; so, turning aside from the path, they camped for the night in a little sheltered dell by the side of a clear running stream.

Little did Mark Myerle dream as he laid his head upon a pillow of moss, that, upon the spot where his head rested, a great factory would rise, which would contain within its walls a greater population than that of Plymouth, Boston and Salem combined!

He slept, overcome by the fatigues of that perilous day, but his sleep was broken by dreams of Annie Carnecross, in the midst of unknown dangers. He was a man not too susceptible to female charms, but this young girl, in her beauty and grace, had made a deeper impression upon his heart than any woman ever had been able to do before. Then she would not let Saul Hinton obey his orders, but had sent him to the rescue, and while saving the lives of Eutawan and herself, had put herself in jeopardy! He must go on to Salem, and tell that brave old man, her father, that he had lost his child when she was almost in his arms. But, he registered a vow that, when his story was told, he would seek out Eutawan, and they together would seek or avenge Annie Carnecross upon her enemies.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

SALEM, one of the oldest towns upon this continent, was at that time the seat of as great power as Boston, although Plymouth was still nominally the head of the colony. Among those who had labored to make the province a great success, no one had done more than John Carnecross. He had much to contend with, for, if the truth must be told of our Puritan fathers, they were a pig-headed and obstinate set of men as could have been collected anywhere upon earth. Although they had left their own land to escape from political and religious despotism, they had within themselves the germ of greater tyranny, yet to bear better fruit. This was Salem, at that time a body of religious enthusiasts, who counted all things glorious which they suffered in the cause they loved so well.

Such an event as the march of even so small a body of troops as those led by Mark Myerle through the streets, was enough to bring the inmates of every house to the doors and windows as they passed. Upon the hillside, looking out upon the sea, ~~was~~ a rough, wooden building, over the door of which swung

a heavy wooden sign upon which some clumsy painter had daubed something which was intended to represent a pair of roses, but in reality looked more like stunted cabbages. This was the sign of the "Twin Roses," the inn, *par excellence*, of the colony. The landlord stood before the door, pursy, red-faced, of Falstaflian proportions, holding in one hand a bottle and in the other a drinking-horn.

"Welcome back, my hearts of oak," he cried. "Welcome to the Twin Roses and to Salem, for, odds body, we have missed you much. You will take a cup after your long march, lieutenant?"

"You will excuse me, Master Robert Townly," said Mark. "I am in no mood for drinking at present."

"Art down in the heart, lad? Then let wine cheer thy soul."

"I do not care to drink, but thank thee all the same, Master Townly."

"Thou wilt not drink, I know, Master Hinton, but thy men are not so squeamish, I doubt."

"Not we, Bob the Fat," replied one of the men, laughing. "We will crush a bottle at thy expense."

At this moment a window in the front of the house, upon the second floor, was opened, and a pair of bright eyes looked down upon the soldiery. The face was young and beautiful, although not of the fair white and red which made Annie Carnecross so noticeable. This face seemed to have been browned by the sun of the tropics, and the same power had given her hair of raven blackness, with a wonderful gloss upon it, such as we seldom see in hair of that color. She wore it unconfined, and the long tresses floated out of the window as she leaned forward to look at them. Myerle and Hinton caught sight of her at the same moment, and both bowed low, hats in hand, the long feathers sweeping the ground.

She kissed her hand to them, with a queenly gesture, and bent forward, laughing.

"A pleasant return to you, Lieutenant Myerle, and to you, Ensign Hinton. What may be the news from Boston?"

"Very little of note, Mistress Townly," replied Myerle. "I have a message to deliver to you after the President has his

letters from my hands. Shall you be at liberty in an hour's time?"

"Surely; I shall expect you at that time. A message! To what effect, and from whom?"

"That I can not answer. A fair day to you, Mistress Townly; your servant, mine host! As for the men, they are at liberty to remain here for a time, but no drunkenness, remember. Sergeant, you will see to that."

"Yes, my lieutenant," replied that worthy, touching his hat.

"I trust it to you, because there is no telling how soon I may need their services. In the mean time, if you hear any news of Carter, bring it to me at once."

Mark signed to Hinton, and again saluting Millicent, they moved away in the direction of the house of the President of the council, John Carnecross. The servant who answered their rap told them that the old man was waiting for them, and ushered them into the house, across a low hall, and into the presence of a gray-haired man, bending over a mass of papers. Seeing them enter, he sprung up, extending a hand to each.

"Myerle—Hinton—I am glad to see you back from your mission. Did you find my daughter? was she well during the voyage?"

"She was well," replied Mark, slowly. "We found her in good spirits, and happy in the thought that she was to meet you so soon, but—I would to God she had never come to this vile country."

The old man turned pale as death as his eye glanced from face to face.

"What does this mean, Mark Myerle? Hinton, you do not speak. Oh, my God, she is dead, she is dead!"

"Bear up, John Carnecross," said Myerle. "I have not said that she is dead, neither is she. On the contrary, I have reason to think she may be safe, but she is lost."

"Lost? How?"

"Stolen away by one of our own men, for what reason I do not know. If you will be calm, I will tell you how it all happened."

"I am calm, I am calm," replied the old man, sinking into

a chair. "Remember, Mark, how I waited here, in hopes that my dear wife could join me, but she died. Then I had nothing left but Annie—the only pledge of the affection of her who has gone before; and now, you come to me and say that *she* is lost! Tell me all; I am waiting."

Mark began at the beginning and told the whole story. He would have shielded Hinton, but the ensign broke in and supplied the missing parts, while Carnecross listened with strained attention, his firm old face set steadily, but with a world of sorrow, and affection for his daughter, beaming from his deep gray eyes. Mark related the particulars in as few words as possible, and waited for the decision of the President. He knew enough of the character of the man to be certain that his decision would be that of the official head of the settlement, not the father of Annie, though his heart might break.

"I have heard your course in this matter, young men, and, as President of the council, thank you for the bravery with which you have upheld the honor of the colony against the savage foe. I understand, then, that my daughter was lost while you, with the greater portion of your men, were rescuing your superior officer from great peril?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hinton, to whom the question was addressed.

"I can find no fault with you as an official in this settlement, soldiers. Having said so much, I ask you, in the name of humanity, what shall be done to rescue my child?"

"My advice is to wait for a day or two," said Mark. "It is possible that I may be mistaken in my estimate of Carter's character, and he may have been moved by a desire to do the best for your daughter's safety. On that subject it will be impossible to decide until we give him time to return."

"Let it rest so. Two days hence, at this hour, meet me here."

The young men rose and bowed themselves out. At the door they separated, Mark going down to the Twin Roses, and passing at once into the parlor, where he found Millicent Townly. She was playing upon an old but beautifully tuned harpsichord, with infinite skill, and singing a ballad of the old times, of knightly faith, of noble deeds, and of love. He

paused a moment in the doorway, looking at her, and for an instant wondered how he could have believed that Annie Carnecross was more beautiful than Millicent. She was dressed richly, and the tongue of rumor was full of reports of the manner in which old Bob Townly obtained the means to waste upon his daughter; which he did in a lavish manner. Some said he had been an old buccaneer, and certainly his manners were free and easy enough to have belonged to that worthy fraternity. Whether this were true or false, he was very free with his money as regarded his daughter, and Milly was one of the fortunes of the infant colony. She did not see the lieutenant until he applauded loudly as she finished the song.

"Ah, truant," she cried, "what are you to say to your running away from me in such a shabby manner an hour since?"

"The soldier's plea—duty," replied Mark, as he took the seat she pointed out. "I had my report to make to John Carnecross."

"Your clothing is torn; and, as I live, there is blood upon you! Have you been fighting?"

"I believe I have," was the laughing reply.

"There! Tell me about it at once. Do you know that I ought to have been a man? for when I read or hear of fighting I long to have a sword in my hand. And why should I not? I am nearly as tall as Saul Hinton, and they say he is well regarded as a soldier."

"Saul Hinton is a compact mass of sinews and muscle, though slight of stature, and his is the deadliest point I know, on this side of the water. But, a truce to that; you can not be a soldier, and I have a letter for you."

"A letter! Did you get it from Boston?"

"No; we had a fight with the Narragansetts between this and Boston, and a number of them were slain. One of them, upon close examination, was found to be a sailor, called Chapman, formerly attached to the Mayflower. Upon his person I found this letter, addressed to you."

Millicent took it in her hand with an expression of surprise, but, as soon as she saw the writing, she grew pale as death, and the letter dropped from her hand. Mark, astonished

at the effect the letter had upon her, threw his arm about her, and sustained her.

"What is it? Milly, there is nothing to fear, for I am with you. Who is this letter from, that you should be so overcome?"

"No matter now; it was the blood upon it which appalled me, and I fear that I should not make so good a soldier after all. I— Give me the letter again."

He picked it up and gave it to her, and she locked it up in a small, ebony casket upon the mantel. After this, although she feigned to listen attentively to his story of the fight, her eyes would wander to the mantel, where the mysterious letter lay. Mark was quick to see this, and cutting his story short, with a promise to return in the evening he went away. Scarcely was his back turned when Millicent flew to the casket, unlocked it, and took the letter from its hiding-place.

"From ocean to ocean," she murmured. "From land to land he pursues me. Oh, if I had him here, with his false, smiling face, and his treacherous eye, I believe I could strike him dead at my feet."

She rose and paced the room in a fury, the letter in her hand, glancing at it from time to time, without attempting to open it.

"And so, Chapman is no more, the too ready tool of a villain. He will do no more evil, and my good friend is robbed of *one* of his most handy weapons. I wish I knew what course his villainy is now to take. His letter; but that will not tell me."

She sat down again and began to tear open the seal, but with a shaking hand.

"Mark Myerle is a brave man; I wonder if he suspects how I love him? He must, for he has spoken to me as only lovers have a right to speak, and yet, I meant to question him about this Annie Carnecross whom they say is to be a rival to me. If she dares to covet that which I claim, woe to her!"

She took out the letter and ran her eyes over it hastily. As she read, those orbs dilated, and a wicked smile began to show itself upon her face. When she had finished the reading she locked the paper up carefully and sat down, buried in thought for over an hour.

She was startled by hearing a strange voice in what would now be called the "bar-room" of the inn, speaking with her father, who was alone and whose voice sunk in a whisper as he addressed the new-comer.

"Death of my body, man; why do you come here?" he hissed.

"What is that to you, fat Bob?" replied the stranger. "I come and go when I like, and you are not the one to say me nay. But, where is my pretty Milly? I must see her, for the sake of old times."

"You shall not see her!" shrieked Robert Townly. "Look you, James Wilson; you may tear me limb from limb, send me to the gallows, I care not what, but you shall not persecute the girl."

"Persecute? You are a fool, Butter Bob, or you would not talk that way to me. What do I care for the girl now when all is over, beyond the fact that she can help me in a little affair of my own?"

Milly opened the door which led into the room from the parlor, and saw her father, flushed and angry, facing a man not far from thirty years of age, who was standing with his back against the door—a man upon whose face dissipation had set its mark, the type of those reckless ne'er-do-wells who followed Drake, Hawkins and Smith in their plundering voyages. He was dressed after the manner of the cavaliers of the day, in rich green cloth, ornamented with lace, shoes with diamond buckles, a hat looped up with a pearl. His sword-scabbard was richly ornamented, and there was a glitter and flippancy in his manner borrowed from the dissolute court where he had been educated. His face would have been handsome but for the dissipated air which he wore. He was laughing, and Robert Townly stood opposite, his face flushed.

"Let the gentleman come in here, father," said Millicent, quietly. "Do not fear for me, as I am not in the least afraid of him."

Wilson, if that were indeed his name, stepped forward quickly, and would have seized her hand, but she repulsed him coldly, and led the way into the room she had just left.

"Is this the manner in which you receive me, Milly?" he said.

"This is the manner in which I receive you. I do not think so lightly of your excellent judgment as to believe that you expect any other greeting. You sent me a letter yesterday by a man named Chapman."

"Yes; is he here?"

"No; he will never do your evil bidding more; he is dead."

"Dead? Chapman dead? Tell me at once how it happened."

"Disguised as an Indian, he joined an attack upon a party of our soldiers, and was killed, and the letter found upon his body."

"Ha! He did not blab then? Give him good-by! He was a useful knave for the time, and I shall miss him sadly. And now, once more to the cause which brings me here."

"You came to see me, full of affection, burning to atone for the evils of your ill-spent life. Why do you not say so at once, that I may say to your face what a liar you are."

"Thank you, Milly; you are really disposed to be complimentary, and I say nothing of the past. What we have done we have done, and it can not be atoned for. At least, you will confess that I have your father's life in my hands?"

"Perhaps; but did it never occur to your understanding that if my father suffers, I have the proof which will place you beside him?"

The man turned pale, and staggered to his feet, with his hand upon his dagger.

"Jade," he hissed, through his set teeth. "Dare you threaten me?"

Milly rose quietly, and took from the mantel a small pistol of exquisite workmanship, and held it in her unshaking hand covering his heart.

"My dear sir, sit down. You have come here to bully us into compliance with your wishes, and I meet you with your own weapons. As God is my judge, if you do not take your hand from the dagger I will shoot you as I would a dog."

He dropped into a seat again, with a low curse, while she looked at him with dilating eyes.

"Jezebel," he hissed, "I will hang your father"

"Will you? Then you hang beside him, and I will be the one to put a rope about your neck."

"You have no proof."

"Put me to the test, and you shall see whether I have proof or not. I think you will do better to listen to reason."

"Say on."

"Two years ago, I would have given up all my hopes in this life and in the world to come for your sake. I knew you for a cruel-hearted and desperate man, whom fortune had buffeted to and fro in the world, pitilessly; but I believed that you loved me. But, when the time of trial came, you did not stand the proof, as you well know. Fortune came to you when you least expected it, and, in that hour, you forgot me. I tore your image out of my heart, but, as I stand here, if you had not fled, and put the seas between us, I would have had your life for that cruel wrong. That is the story; now what do you seek here?"

"Your help."

"To what purpose?"

"I desire to marry; not you, my darling—do not refuse before you are asked—I desire to marry Annie Carncross, the daughter of the head of the council at Salem."

"And you want my aid? Go; you are a fool!"

"Thank you; but you *will* help me."

"I will not."

"I am sorry to doubt a lady, but still I repeat, you *will* help me."

"And why?"

He stooped and whispered in her ear, and an angry flush came into her face.

"Prove that to me," she cried, "and I am with you to the death."

"I will," he answered, and the compact was made.

CHAPTER V.

THE SECRET FOE.

THE man who called himself James Wilson put up at the Twin Roses, and was treated as an honored guest. For some reason Millicent Townly had somewhat relaxed her hatred of him, and they were often seen in close conversation. The next day after his arrival he came into the common room of the inn, where Saul Hinton, Mark Myerle, and a number of others among the more active young men of the colony, were collected, making up a plan for the rescue of Annie Carnecross, provided Eutawan came back soon with news. The jovial, off-handed manner of the stranger had won upon the young men, and he was very well liked already. Mark, however no sooner saw him than he started, and an angry look came into his face.

"Francis!" he cried.

Wilson looked at him with an astonished air.

"Sir," he said, "I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

"You have not?"

"No; for whom do you take me?"

"For Francis Battleboro, the captain of the brig Dart, whom I met in Antwerp over four years ago."

"You are grievously mistaken, sir, but the mistake is a common one. I have met this Battleboro myself upon several occasions, and as near as I can judge we might be brothers although I assure you that we are not."

"You deny being Francis Battleboro?"

"Certainly; and allow me to add that I am not in the habit of having my word doubted. My name is James Wilson, and I am a Londoner. Is there any other information which I can give you?"

"I must take you at your word, sir," replied Mark. "It is a long time since I have seen this Battleboro, and I can not be certain that I am right, but, the resemblance is wonder-

ful. As for Francis Battleboro, I have waited years for a chance of meeting him, for we have an account to settle."

"Indeed? Doubtless he put some affront upon you?"

"He did; and if you ever meet him, tell him from me that when Mark Myerle meets him, whether by land or sea, he will tell him to his face that he is a coward and a villain, unworthy the name of man, whose ears I will cut off close to his head. If, however, he should choose to deny his identity and shelter himself beneath another name, I can do nothing."

"Mark, be careful," said Hinton.

"Talk not to me; you know that I am not disposed to be quarrelsome."

If James Wilson was indeed the man for whom Mark took him, it must have galled him to the soul to sit under the scathing words of the young soldier.

"Do you insist that I am this Francis Battleboro?" he demanded.

"I insist upon nothing. It is a strange thing if a man may not be permitted to know his own name; but, I was upon the point of pulling your nose when you told your true name. I am to be found readily by inquiring at the town house, and shall be glad to answer any questions you may see fit to put to me. Saul, are you going?"

"How thick is the hide of a rhinoceros, Mark?" said Saul, as he rose.

"Why do you ask?"

"I have heard it said that it was the thickest skinned animal in existence," replied Saul, with a look at Wilson to point his meaning, "but, I do not believe it."

Wilson laughed lightly, but there was a furtive gleam in his dark eyes which boded no good to the young man should he ever fall into his power. The two passed out, and Wilson looked relieved.

"That pair seem to be very quarrelsome," he said. "But the lieutenant is mistaken in my identity. I should have taken notice of his words but for my position here, a perfect stranger to you all. Can any one direct me to the house of John Carncross?"

The house was pointed out and he went away, his diamonds glittering in the sunrays.

"I wonder much what induced Mark to quarrel with this stranger," said one of the men. "He really believed him to be Captain Francis Battleboro. Who was he?"

"Battleboro? I thought you knew that accursed pirate. He was a freebooter of the type which has no nation at its back, not like Drake and Hawkins. I thought he was dead, and surely he would not dare to show his face here."

"Certainly not; Mark is mistaken in the man."

James Wilson was shown at once to the room of John Carnecross, and entered with the air of a man who felt very much at home. Carnecross no sooner saw his face than he gave a startled cry, and put out both hands as if to keep him off.

"You, *you*! are you mad enough to come here?"

"My worthy relation, I have as much right to come here as any man in the three kingdoms. I have his majesty's pardon in my pocket for my alleged offenses, and am now a strictly moral man, willing to be forgiven."

"Why do you come here?"

"I came to see you, and to ask you to ratify a little promise made to my father, some years ago."

"I never promised to wed my daughter to a felon. But, what of that? She is gone—taken by the Indians."

"When and where?"

"It matters not. I would sooner see her dead at my feet than married to you, a convicted, if pardoned, felon. Go your ways, and I pray God never to see your face again."

"You are hard upon me, John Carnecross."

"I may be, but my words are just. My daughter may die, but marry you she never shall. And I advise you to make what speed you can in getting out of Salem, and making your way to some more congenial climate. Go to Virginia, where such men as you are welcomed, but never dare to enter my doors again."

"You are speaking like a fool, and, convicted felon though I be, I tell you that Annie *shall* keep her plighted word with me, or you shall never see her face upon earth. I swear it, and my oath shall be kept."

"Demon! do you know where she is?"

"How should I? Of what will you accuse me next?"

Nevertheless, bear this in mind, that you never see her face again, unless she returns as my wife."

He threw open the door and passed out, and left the old man, mute and ghastly, with his head upon the table. A tap at the window aroused him, and raising his head, he saw Eutawan looking in at the panes.

"Good John, open window," whispered Eutawan, addressing the old man in broken English, as he knew that Carnecross had no knowledge of the Indian tongue.

Carnecross withdrew the fastenings with a trembling hand, threw open the sash, and in a moment Eutawan was in the room.

"Good John," he said, "Eutawan is tired and thirsty. Give him water to drink."

Carnecross brought water with his own hand, and the Indian drank freely, and then sat down in a chair.

"Have you news of her?"

"Plenty news!"

"Good news?"

"Some good, some bad; not all good, not all bad; can't all be one way."

"Tell it to me at once."

"Tell you bymeby—pretty soon. I too mad at bad white man to talk now."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Bad man that go away with wicked words in his mouth. Bad heart! Much bad! Eutawan will follow him and take his scalp."

"'Thou shalt do no murder,' Eutawan," said the old man, solemnly. "The book by which the white man knows his Manitou teaches him to love his enemies, and do them good for evil."

"Mark study good book," said the Indian. "Why he kill so many Narragansett then?"

"It is sometimes necessary to meet evil men with the sword," replied Carnecross, somewhat nonplussed, "when they will not listen to good words."

"My old father read good book much," said Eutawan, seriously. "His hair is getting gray, and he is kind to those who are his enemies. It is good that he should speak so, for

he can be a father to the young men when their blood is hot. Eutawan loves the old father, and will bring his daughter back."

"Chief, if you could do that, you would make my old heart very glad. But these Narragansetts are very strong."

"Narragansetts are dogs!" replied the Indian, fiercely. "Many of their scalps are drying in the smoke of my lodge. But, Pale Lily not in the hands of Narragansetts."

"Where is she?"

"She was stolen away by bad white soldier, and is prisoner in the forest. But, they do her no harm, and wait for the white chief to come."

"The white chief! I have heard of that infamous man, and know that he stirs up the tribes against us. Have you ever seen him?"

"Yes; but the white chief is very cunning. When he is upon the war-path with the Narragansetts he wears the paint of a chief, and looks like a brave of the tribe. I do not know him."

"You say that you know where this poor girl is hidden. Can you guide a party to her rescue?"

"Yes; let me go to Mark and tell him that she is there, and he go with me to save her."

"How many shall you take?"

"Two; Mark and Saul."

"Why not take all Mark's company?"

"Because they not know much of the ways of the forest. Three better than a tribe."

"Let Mark counsel with you, and do as he says, for the young man is a keen soldier, and knows what is best to be done."

Eutawan nodded, and taking the hand of the old man in his, pressed it against his heart with an affectionate smile. Their reverence for age was one of the redeeming qualities of the early savage tribes.

"Good father; Eutawan will save the Pale Lily."

The next moment he was gone, moving rapidly down the street in the direction of the Government house, a low wooden building, not far from the shore. He met Mark before he reached it, accompanied by Saul, both of whom received him

joyfully, for they knew that he would not have returned without news of some kind.

"Speak quickly," said Mark; "is Carter a traitor or a true man?"

"He is traitor," replied Eutawan. "He stole away Pale Lily."

"Have you found her? Come into my room, where we can converse without being overheard."

Mark Myerle's room was at the Twin Roses, and they passed into the house, followed by curious glances from the newcomers in the colony, who had never seen an Indian in his war-paint. As they passed up the stairs they met Wilson coming down, who looked at them sharply, and immediately hurried away to find Millicent.

"You have said that you needed confirmation of what I told you," he hissed. "Mark Myerle has gone to his room with Hinton, and an Indian of the Wampanoags. I know him, curses on him, and if you were to *listen*, I think you might have the proof you ask, for they will be sure to talk of her."

"It is dishonorable," she said, clenching her teeth hard.

"'All's fair in love and war,' they say; but do as you like."

He strolled into the common room, called for some wine, and sat sipping it, with a strange smile upon his face.

"If I know any thing of womankind," he muttered, "she *will* listen, and I must know why this Indian is here."

Myerle locked the door of his room, and made a signal to the rest to be seated. "Now go on with your story, chief," he said.

"I followed the trail of the little horse through the woods," said Eutawan, "and in a little while I heard signals, and knew that the Narragansetts were gathering in front. I kept on the trail, and very soon I found others had joined Carter."

"Who were they?"

"Some Narragansetts, some white men, but all wore moccasins. I followed all day, and night came on, and they camped. Then I crept up to the place where their fire was lighted, and saw them. Carter was there, but he was *not* a prisoner."

"How do you know?"

"He was not tied, and went where he liked."

"Did you see Annie?"

"The Pale Lily was there, and sat upon a log by the fire, and put her face in her hands, so."

The chief laid his hands upon his knees, and put his face upon them, in an attitude of unspeakable grief.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" said Mark. "I only ask to come face to face with Giles Carter once, and his black heart shall never conceive another evil deed."

"You are right, Mark. It would make me very happy to send daylight through and through his villainous carcass," answered Saul.

"Poor Annie! What a terrible fate, left in the power of a band of miserable wretches such as these men must be, who consort with the refuse of the Narragansetts!"

"They are bad Indians, very bad Indians," said Eutawan, "but not so bad as these white men."

"I can well believe you, chief. Go on with your tale, for I am eager to hear the end."

"I tried to come near, and speak to the Pale Lily, but they kept good watch. White men are better soldiers than Indians."

"Saul," cried Mark, "I can not bear this. Do you know that I am going at once to save Annie, at any and every hazard? I did not know my own heart last night, but now I know that I love her, and can never know a happy hour unless she is saved."

"I thought Milly Townly and you—"

"Hush, Saul; you know better than that. I have been a brother to sweet Milly—I never can be any thing dearer."

There was a sound near at hand like the hiss of a serpent, and Eutawan erected his head, looked suspiciously about him, and pointed to the door. Mark sprung toward it, but, when opened, the hall outside was empty.

"I thought I heard some one," said Mark, "but it does not matter. Where did you leave these men?"

"They are camped."

"Do they mean to stay there; that is the question."

"They wait for the white chief."

"Ha! Do you tell me that these men are under the orders of *that* fiend?"

"Yes."

"Then there is the more need of haste. Come closer, so that we may be sure no one overhears us, and we will talk over our plans."

They drew their chairs near together, and remained for over an hour in close consultation. At the end of that time, after sending a note to John Carncross to inform him what they meant to do, the three men left the camp at a rapid pace, holding a course toward the west.

CHAPTER VI.

MAID AGAINST MAID.

DOWN upon her face, upon a couch in the room next to that of Mark Myerle, her hands clutching the cloth fiercely, her eyes wildly dilated, and her whole form quivering with the passion she could not suppress, lay Millicent Townly. She had heard, as it were, the death-warrant of her love. This girl's heart was not wholly bad, but she had in her veins the blood of an unforgiving and relentless race, and in moments of passion this blood obtained the mastery. She heard Mark say that he did not love her, that he loved Annie Carncross, and all her evil passions were aroused. In that moment it would have fared ill with Annie had they faced each other. If time had been given her, the better part of her nature might have obtained the mastery, but the tempter was near her, and came in at the right moment. That tempter was James Wilson, who came stealing in softly, with an evil light in his face.

"They are off upon some expedition, fully armed. I want you to tell me where they are gone."

"Suppose I refuse?" she replied, sullenly.

"I don't think you will, upon hearing reason. Let us state the case. You are desperately in love with Mark Myerle; I

love Annie Carncross. We are both in the same boat in this respect, that neither of the beings we adore have the good taste to entertain the same feelings for us."

"Leave me; why do you insult me?"

"I am not so ungentlemanly. Now, if Annie Carncross were once out of your way, you will doubtless be able to bring this errant youth back to his allegiance to you."

"He does not love me; he loves Annie Carncross. Oh my God! that I should live to be despised by any man!"

"Now let me state the case fully. I love Annie Carncross; I am determined to make her my wife. Help me to do this, and you will soon have Mark Myerle at your feet. I hate the man, to be sure, and would give a thousand pounds to bury my dagger in his heart, for his insult to me the other day."

"How did he insult you?"

"He confounded me with a freebooter who used to ravage the southern seas—one Francis Battleboro, I believe—and insisted upon it that I was the man, and that he met me in Antwerp."

This was said with an air of the deepest indignation, and Millicent looked up at him with an almost admiring expression.

"What a magnificent scoundrel you are, James," she said, slowly.

"Scoundrel! *Peste*, woman, how dare you?"

"Bah! How can I serve you in regard to Annie Carncross?"

"In many ways. Meet me after dark under the trees upon the shore, below the Government house, and I will tell you how."

"I will do any thing for revenge, but you must promise me that, whatever happens, you will not harm Mark Myerle."

"I assure you that the promise comes unwillingly, but I do promise, that, unless he drives me beyond the bounds of patience, I will not do him harm. I make no promise in relation to that effeminate boy who is with him, Saul Hinton."

"Effeminate boy as he is, James, you would not dare cross swords with him, deadly as you think your hand is. I will tell you where they have gone. It appears that Annie—how

I hate her!—was taken prisoner during the fight which Myerle had with the Indians in his last expedition to Boston, by one of his own men, a rascal by the name of Carter.”

“Carter!”

“Do you know him?”

“Know him? I have seen him in Boston or Plymouth, I forget which. But go on with your tale.”

“This Carter is leagued with a band of men under the leadership of the celebrated White Chief, who have their haunts in the deep forest, some ten leagues to the west. During the fight in which your friend Chapman was killed, Carter was left in charge of Mistress Annie, and managed to slip away with her and join his friends.”

“I see; this is capital—capital. You can not think how I enjoy your account. Any thing more?”

“Mark Myerle and his companions have set out to attempt her rescue from this band. It seems that the Indian Eutawan followed the trail of the pony ridden by Annie, and found their camp.”

“Let me catch that same Indian, and I will have him grilled at a slow fire. You say that these men were encamped? Will they remain there until these fellows reach the camp?”

“As I understood the story of the Indian, which was very disjointed, and as I am a very poor Indian scholar, although Mark Myerle has taken great pains to teach me, they were in one of their usual haunts, where they would be likely to remain for a long time, waiting for the White Chief, who is absent at present.”

“Good; for this time I will leave you, but be sure and meet me about eight of the clock this evening, and I will tell you more. Our course is plain now, and I have no doubt we shall be triumphant.”

He hurried out, leaving Milly alone, and she rose, wringing her hands as if in agony.

“Why do I trust this man?” she murmured. “I know him to be a detestable villain, for whom the hangman’s hands would be too pure—one who has been false to every good word and work from his boyhood, and yet I join hands with him and aid him in his evil work! I wish I had the strength

to cast Mark Myerle out of my heart, but why did he make me love him? And then, poor Saul; he loves me, but would not speak because he thought I was chosen by his friend. Why can not I be as noble as he? But I can not, I can not and must go on with this false-hearted traitor, even though blood flow.

"But, why should I? I can refuse this meeting, and he must go on without me. He promised to spare Mark, but will he keep his word? If he does not, I swear to kill him with my own hands."

The night came, dark and silent. Eight o'clock in this quiet settlement was a late hour, and with the exception of scattered lights in the windows of some studious men who had not quite given up the habits of their former life, the village was at rest. As the hour struck, Millicent stole out of the house, and went swiftly down toward the appointed rendezvous. The cool breeze, coming in from seaward, fanned her fevered brow, and she felt refreshed, and paused a moment to let the sea-breeze play with her dark hair. Passing the town house, she saw dark forms moving under the trees at the appointed place, and gave a signal, clapping her hands twice. It was answered in the same manner, and she moved forward and was lost in the darkness. Half an hour after, she came back as swiftly as she had gone down, and remained in the house. Not long after, another form stole out, and went down to the beach, where a canoe lay under the bank, in which three figures could be dimly made out.

"Give me the bundle," said the voice of James Wilson. "Now step in, and take a seat in the stern, and be careful, for these canoes are crank."

"I do not like this step, James," said Milly, for it was indeed she, wrapped in a heavy cloak.

"It is the only way," replied Wilson, angrily. "'Tush; do not recoil now."

"My poor father," murmured Milly. "How he loves me, rough and rude as he seems. I will not go."

Wilson stepped out of the canoe and stood beside her upon the bank.

"This is utter foolishness," he said. "Your father is not of the sentimental kind. The idea that Butter Bob, Rat Bob,

first mate of the Flying Arrow, would care a groat for any thing except his own stomach! Get into the canoe, or must I take you in by force?"

"Do you think it good policy to try that, Master Wilson?" demanded the girl, in a meaning tone. "I would bury my dagger in your heart if you laid a hand upon me in anger. There, get into the canoe again, for I will go."

Wilson stepped in, and she followed, her foot touching the boat as lightly as a falling feather, and in a practiced way, which showed that she was not unused to adventures of that kind. The Indians lifted their paddles, and, noiseless as a gliding swan, the canoe disappeared in the darkness, carrying Millicent Townly away from her home.

We return to Annie Carncross, whom we left under the guard of Giles Carter, while Saul Hinton led his men to the rescue. They had listened to the sounds of battle which came from the rock, and the brave girl ran to Saul with outstretched hand.

"Redeem your promise," she cried. "Your friend is in danger, and you promised me to save him. Go!"

"And you?" said Saul.

"I will remain here."

"You can not stay alone."

"You need all your men. I am not afraid to stay here alone."

"I am not the man to leave you alone. Who will volunteer to stay?"

"I am not in a fighting humor," said Giles Carter, gruffly. "I'll stay here, if you don't mind."

Saul gave him some hurried directions, and sprung away to the rescue of his friends. He had scarcely left the grove of pines in which they stood, when the soldier turned to Annie, with an utterly changed expression on his face.

"This is success beyond hope, my lady. You will make preparations to come with me."

"Wait for the signal," replied Annie, not understanding him. "The soldiers have not yet attacked their enemies."

"What is that to me? Let me explain to you that I did not join the army of the province with the intention of re-

maining in it. Mounting guard and drilling, obeying the orders of such small game as your Hintons and Myerles, is all very well, but does not suit an old sea-rover like Giles Carter. Mistress, you are my prisoner."

"Your prisoner!" gasped Annie, surprised at the change in the appearance of the man, who had put on a swaggering, important air. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. I am acting under the orders of a superior officer, who detailed me for a special purpose—that purpose being to kidnap you, as the saying is."

"Who is your superior?"

"All in good time, Mistress, all in good time. I am not sent to explain matters to you, but to bring you to an appointed place."

"I refuse to go with you."

"Bah! you refuse? I have heard such refusals as that before, and laughed at them as I do now. Lady, in ten minutes this grand army of the province will be dead or prisoners. The men against whom they have gone out will not run at the first discharge of a weapon, and they outnumber the crop-ears four to one, the psalm-singing, puritanical rogues!"

He laid his hand upon the bridle of the pony, and began to lead him away. She instantly sprung from the saddle and would have fled, but the iron hand of Giles Carter was on her shoulder.

"Girl," he said, "be careful what you do. The sea-rovers are good men, but some things they will not endure, and among these we number the attempts on the part of their prisoners to escape from them. Let me assist you into the saddle, while I again repeat my admonition to be very careful."

The forbidding look which he put on might have appalled a stouter heart than that of Annie Carnecross, and she trembled.

"Good sir, let me return. My father will pay you well to bring me safe to Salem."

"Ay; he will pay me with a stout cord and the swinging tree. No, thank you; I serve but two masters, the devil and the White Chief."

"The White Chief; who is he?"

"Saving your presence, he might be the devil himself for cunning. Be that as it may, he has led us well and bravely these ten years gone, and by his master's aid may live to lead us many more."

"I know him not."

"He knows you, and that ought to satisfy even so particular a maiden. We waste time, and the battle waxes faint. Into the saddle again and remain there, or by the lights of Neptune, my patron and guide, I will tie you in such a way that you will trouble me no more."

She saw that it was useless to resist, and once more seated herself in the saddle. She had hardly done so, when he started off at as rapid a pace as the path would permit, treading the intricate forest-paths as readily as if he knew them by heart. Now and then he gave a signal cry, and in the course of half an hour answering calls came back. He kept steadily on his course, still making signals, until dark forms began to glide in from the paths and joined him. More and more were added to the party, until nearly forty men, all in the war-paint of the Indian, had been gathered. Annie screamed aloud, for she thought that death was now certain to both herself and Giles Carter, but, to her surprise, he seemed pleased to see them, and spoke, in English:

"Well, boys, what luck?"

"The devil's own," growled an unmistakable English voice, coming from a ferocious-looking dog, with yellow streaks across his face and nose, and ear ornaments of the most approved fashion. "These cursed Puritans fought like fiends from the pit."

"You don't mean to tell me that you were beaten?" hissed Carter.

"Beaten? You never saw any thing like it! And our Indians fought well too. The scoundrels got on a high rock with a bloody bulwark round about it, and where only two men could come at them abreast, and there they stood up against forty, and beat them too! That Indian, Eutawan, drove an arrow clean through Chapman, so that the shaft only hung by the feathers at his back, and poor Chapman—"

"Dead?" cried Carter.

"Dead as hay; shot through the heart by that thrice ~~or~~

cursed Myerle. Then, when we came at them together, they rolled a stone down the path that killed three men and wounded five, and when we thought we had them, down came Hinton upon our backs with his ten musketeers, and after that it was a run to the tune of the 'devil take the hindmost.' "

"And you lost how many?" growled Carter.

"Eleven killed, first and last, and twelve wounded, two of them badly. Chapman is the only one of our boys rubbed out."

"In the mean time, I have taken the prize, so that this mishap is covered. Order your men to march on toward the camp."

They went on their way; but, tireless as a hound, the patient chief, Eutawan, was close on the trail

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEATH-WAIL.

"High on each side, aloft and wild,
Huge crags and toppling cliffs were piled."—MOORE.

THEY camped for a short time by a running stream, and Carter placed food before his prisoner, but she could not eat, and sat with her face buried in her hands. But, even then, she had eyes and ears for every thing that passed, and satisfied herself, by listening to the conversation of the few whites in the party, that they were sailors, for their conversation was interlarded with sea slang, and with tales of that wild element. What were these men doing here in this strange position, herding with the wilder portion of that savage tribe which was the most constant and bitter enemy of the white men during the settlement of the eastern colonies? The Indians of the party, now that they were at rest, crouched around the fires, speaking only in monosyllables, while the others, Indians as far as dress was concerned, made the air vocal with songs and jokes of the rudest kind. They had stories to tell of the old buccaneers, of plundered galleons, of ruined cities upon

the Spanish main, and of gold and silver in bars and wedges. Carter, seeing that Annie did not eat, approached her.

"Eat, Mistress," he said. "By my faith, the chief will not be in a very pleasant humor with me if he finds I have neglected you. Rough men we may be, but we mean you no indignity."

"You can not deceive me, sir. Sailors you are, every man, but why are you here?"

"By 'r lady, the captain has made choice of one who has a brain of her own," said the seaman, with a light laugh. "Say that we are sea rovers then, what does it matter? Sailors never do a wrong to a fair lady."

"Do they not? Then why am I here?"

"Faith, it is no wrong to enforce even a lady to her own good, and he is little better than a coward who will not take that which is his own. We own no man master, not even the king, we rovers of the salt sea."

At this moment one of the Indians, seated near the fire, cast a suspicious glance over his shoulder, and said something to a companion in a low tone, and the two rose and moved slowly away into the woods.

"Why have those men left camp, Byrington?" cried Carter. "I will have no skulkers."

"I think they heard something," replied Byrington.

The *soi disant* soldier said no more, and after again entreating Annie to eat, and receiving a refusal, returned to a group of his companions. Ten minutes after, they heard, from the forest outside, the wailing cry which proclaims the death of a warrior, and the loss of a scalp! Every Narragansett sprung to his feet just as a wild, taunting shout, the war-cry of the Wampanoags, rung out from the darkness!

"Eutawan!" cried a chief, and quicker than thought the darkness swallowed up every warrior capable of bearing arms. Yells of rage, signal calls, and the cries of disappointed vengeance, could be heard on every hand, and then came a mournful chant, and thirty warriors appeared surrounding two groups, carrying in their arms the bodies of the two warriors who had left the camp not long before, and which they laid down in the full light of the fire, showing that the coveted trophy, the scalp, was gone.

Annie shuddered, and turned away her head, while the assembled band of Narragansetts broke out into the death-wail, as they stood looking upon the bodies of their friends. One was thrust through the breast by an arrow, evidently used in the hand, and the other had fallen by the hatchet.

"Whose work is this?" demanded Carter, who knew something of the Narragansett tongue.

"Eutawan, the Wampanoag," replied the chief. "These warriors have died by his hand."

"And where is he?" cried Carter.

"Where is the wind of yesterday?" replied the chief in the same tone. "It is gone. Where is Eutawan? Ask the trees of the forest, and the darkness which hides him from the wrath of the Narragansetts."

Annie now witnessed an imposing ceremony. The Indians set to work with their hatchets, and scooped out two narrow graves upon the bank of the stream, in which they laid the two slain warriors, wrapped in their blankets. Beside them their weapons were placed, and provisions to last them during their wanderings in search of the silent river. Their dark faces, upturned under the light of the camp-fires, showed ghastly and grim, and the wild band marched about them in solemn and stately procession, chanting the praise of the dead.

"To thee, oh, Manitou,
 Rich gifts we now bring;
 In the praise of the Mighty,
 The brave dead, we sing.
 They were strong, they were brave,
 They feared not the foe;
 About their low grave,
 We mournfully go.
 When Keton has fallen,
 Whose death we now grieve;
 When Mar-mon lies bleeding,
 Our sorrow relieve.
 Let them come to their home,
 Past all toil and danger;
 And safe let them roam
 To all sorrow a stranger.
 To thee, Manitou, we sing!"

The Indian is poetic by nature. His language abounds in beautiful figures and metaphors which can not be readily

translated. Annie could not understand their words, but *she could* understand their motions and the outward manifestations of woe. Doubtless they were cruel men who lay there dead, but they worked in accordance with their ancient traditions. The chiefs stood forth, and many spoke in praise of the dead, and vituperation of the slayer; then the earth was filled in, and they raised a cairn above the mangled forms, something which every Indian, whether a warrior of the Narragansett, or of some other tribe, would not fail to respect. Fires were lighted at the head and foot of the graves, that the dead warriors might not wander in darkness beside the river, but might early reach the happy hunting-ground of his tribe.

"A curse upon this Eutawan," muttered Carter. "The rascal was not long in finding us out."

"You must not think him a lubber," replied Byrington. "No man knows his trade better than he."

"You are right, shipmate, and if we ever meet, I will put it out of his power ever again to follow us. The question is, dare we remain here, for he has the whole band of Myerle at his back."

"Send out scouts and see."

"I don't like this night work; but, perhaps the chief knows. I will ask him."

The Narragansett had only seen the trail of one man, and that was undoubtedly the track of Eutawan.

"Probably they sent him out alone," said Carter. "The villain must go back for help, for I will give him no opportunity to rescue the prisoner."

He scraped together a heap of moss and leaves at the foot of a tree, in the center of the camp, and threw some blankets upon it, pointing it out as the place where she must pass the night. They had guards in plenty, for several Indians must remain to watch the fires which burned at the graves of the fallen, and see that they did not go out. Yet Carter would not trust to that, but remained awake, long after Annie, worn out by the perils and long march of that eventful day, had lain down to rest, and fallen into a broken slumber. The night passed, and still the torches burned, and the silent watchers bent above them with zealous care. Byrington had taken the place of Carter after midnight, and he had lain

down to rest, by the smoldering light of the fires. The somber forest, grim and dark, arose on every side, in stately columns, as they had stood for centuries. About the fires lay the sleeping warriors, their sinewy forms robed in their blankets and their stern eyes closed.

The gray light of the morning was just showing through the leaves, when Carter touched Annie on the arm and bade her rise. She obeyed, and ate sparingly of the food set before her, and then the party recommenced its march through the forest, Carter walking at Annie's side, keeping a wary eye upon her movements. At noon they passed out of the forest, and came out into a more open country, amid ranges of rocky hills, great bowlders peeping up on every side, in wild confusion. They stood in an irregular valley, hemmed in on every side but one by lofty cliffs, a splendidly chosen place for defense. To the surprise of Annie she saw a collection of rude huts, perhaps twenty in all, and moving about among them a number of men, whom, at first sight, she took for Indians, but whom she quickly saw were white men disguised. Some were playing at cards, others engaged in a game of ball, and others still smoking long-stemmed pipes in the shade. Every man sprung up as the party came in sight, and greeted them with hoarse hurrahs. Carter, refusing to answer questions, helped his captive to dismount, and led her into one of the huts, which she found furnished with some appearance of comfort. Scattered about the room were various articles of use on ship-board, and two or three curious swords, cimeters, and kreeses hung above the rude, stone fireplace. The building itself was of logs, rudely 'chinked' with clay, with only two small windows, hardly large enough for the passage of a man's body.

"Make yourself at home, my lady, and consider this your property, and we your faithful servants, ready to obey your commands in every thing except giving you liberty. We can not do that," said her captor.

"You are a hard-hearted, cruel man," replied Annie. "When have I harmed you or yours?"

"Never, Mistress Carnecross, but I obey the orders of my chief. When he comes, I will turn you over to him, and you may then rate him as soundly as you will; good-day to you, and call for what you want."

He left the room, and when Annie looked from the window she found that he had stationed a guard both there and at the door, who looked at her with a grim smile, and she quickly retreated. Annie was in grave doubt as to the reason of her captivity. It was evidently done with an object; that a pre-concerted scheme had been worked out to entrap her, was certain. Knowing of no person in the colony who was her enemy, she could not think of any reason for the evil that had befallen her.

At regular hours a man appeared bringing her food and drink, which he placed upon the rude table, and silently withdrew. Annie ate, not so much that she felt hunger, but that she meant to keep her strength for any opportunity which might offer to escape. There was a rude bed in a curtained recess, and upon this she lay down and passed the first night. Next day she petitioned Carter for permission to walk outside and get fresh air, and he granted it at once, but refused to leave her, stalking by her side wherever she went. The night came and found her in her prison, with her guards pacing up and down in front of the building, although there was little probability of her making her escape into the forest, knowing nothing of the paths. She was seated by her table, with her head resting upon her hand, when Carter came in, carrying in his hands a number of books which he threw down upon the table before her.

"There," he said. "Little did I think that this trash would ever be of any use to us, but it will serve you to pass the time."

"Thank you, thank you," cried Annie, eagerly, turning over the works. "These will indeed lighten my captivity."

"Don't look at it in that way, my lady," said Carter. "Not a man here will wrong you, and when the chief comes, he will tell you why you are here. The captain—I see it is no use to try to fool you—has his own plans, and I am not the man to stand in his way. I hope you may have a pleasant time with that nonsense."

He had barely closed the door, when Annie was poring over one of the books eagerly. The first she took up was the Pilgrim's Progress, and she was soon deeply engaged in the troubles and trials of that wonderful man, as he 'walked through

the wilderness of the world.' As she read, she thought she felt something touch her, and looked up with a start and a slight exclamation. She could see nothing, and again applied herself to her book, when she felt an unmistakable twitch at her dress, and sprung to her feet just in time to see a brown hand holding up a paper, which it dropped on the floor, and then was drawn back through a hole forced out in the clay which chinked the walls. She caught up the paper, and laying it between the leaves of the book, read :

"MISTRESS ANNIE CARNCROSS — Be not discouraged, for friends are near you. Prevail upon the knave Carter to permit you to walk again to-morrow, and draw him further from the encampment, and trust us for the rest. Burn this letter.
"MARK MYERLE."

CHAPTER VIII.

LED ASTRAY BY A WOMAN.

TREMBLING with revived hope, Annie put the paper in the light of the taper, and watched it as it was slowly consumed, and again turned to her book, although she could no longer see a letter. She read everywhere the words of the gallant young soldier who had come to her relief. She had thought of him much since their first interview, and his gallant bearing under varied circumstances had had its effect upon her heart. He had come to her aid, passing many dangers, for the sake of a woman he had seen but once, and she felt her cheek flush as she thought that this was indeed a man whom a woman could love without shame. She had not been unsought by the youth of her own land ; so beautiful a woman could not fail to win regard ; but, she had never met a man who could touch her heart before. Once she had thought she loved, but the object was unworthy, and she had long ago torn him out of her heart, and he had never been replaced. She rose, and looked from the window. Fires had been lighted all around the camp, and the disguised whites were

lounging about the flames, drinking, smoking, playing at cards, and telling yarns according to their manner, and their shouts of bacchanalian laughter came to her ears through the closed door. The man who had been placed on guard was standing some paces from the door, talking with one of his fellows, and she could hear his words.

"Where is the chief now?"

"Who can tell? He comes and goes when he will."

"Does Carter expect him soon?"

"He sent a messenger to him when the girl was first taken, but who knows where he may be? Perhaps in Boston, perhaps in Plymouth or in Salem. A strange man is this captain of ours, comrade."

"What does he seek with this girl, who is the most beautiful woman I ever saw—and I have seen many."

"She is to be second mate, I take it," replied the man, laughing.

"Then he intends to marry her."

"Hush; don't let Carter hear us. There is more in this than appears upon the surface, and the captain expects a noble fortune if he makes her his wife. Blast me, if he doesn't get the best of every thing."

"Where did he learn any thing about her?"

"He knew her in England, I believe, when he was at court. The captain was one of the butterflies which hummed about the king, you understand, and lost favor when he went under. But, what cares our noble captain for that? A good ship underfoot, the pennon of a free sailor overhead, a gallant crew about him and the seas around him, what more need he ask? Once sure of this lady, and we shall be afloat again, after he has gulled these Indians out of a great cargo of skins which shall turn to our profit."

"Hush; back to your post, for here comes Carter."

The men separated, one of them returning to the door of the hut, and the other moving off to join his companions about the fires. Annie retreated from the window, more and more in doubt as to the character of the man who had made her a prisoner. She had known so many of the "butterflies" at the English court, that she could not think of one likely to take so much pains to secure her. One indeed there was,

her unworthy lover, but he had long ago gone down at sea, and his ship was never heard of more. She could think of three or four wild young blades who had been rivals for her hand, but knew not where they were. Just then she heard Carter's voice at the door.

"You must keep a better watch, Floyd, or the captain may not be best pleased with you. I saw you just now gossiping with Bently, forgetting your charge. Look to it that I have no cause to complain of you again, my hearty."

"Why, where is the danger, sir?" said Floyd. "Surely there is none here."

"A man is on our track who knows the woods too well for our comfort, the same man who killed the two Indians when we were returning."

"They called him some outlandish name or other; I hope we don't fear one Indian, sir."

"We must keep our eyes open, for the rascal has the cunning of the devil. If he should get into camp, he would find some way to get the girl out of the cabin. Once in the woods, we should never find her again."

"I'll take care, Carter."

"See that you do, for the captain would have your life if she escaped. Stand aside, for I am going in."

He rapped at the door, and entered immediately after, looking suspiciously about the room, but he saw Annie seated at her table, still reading the book. She looked up at him with a bright smile.

"You have done me a good service in bringing me this book, Mr. Carter, and I am infinitely obliged to you."

"Never mind a small service like that. How came that clay out of the wall?" he added, with a suspicious look, pointing to the hole between the logs.

"What clay?" she replied, innocently. "Ah, did you think I could creep out of that diminutive hole, and make my escape?"

"Mischief has crept in at smaller openings than that. Have you had communication with any one outside to-night?"

"I?"

"You, Mistress!"

"I have not so good an opinion of you or any of your

party that I should do that, sir," replied Annie, angrily. "Go away ; I would be alone."

Carter took the taper and looked closely at the broken chinking, and at last satisfied himself that the clay had fallen out, and taking up a sailor's jacket, he filled up the opening, and went away, grumbling. Annie looked after him with a derisive smile, and dropping the bar of the door upon the inside, disrobed and laid down to rest, although it was late before sleep came to her excited mind. Carter himself brought in her breakfast in the morning. She then preferred her request to take the air in his company, and he complied. Annie, who knew how to be agreeable, plied the sailor with compliments and well-turned phrases, until the man began to dream of supplanting his superior in her regards. She expressed an interest in the wild valley, and they kept on, going further and further from the camp, until the smoke of the fires looked blue and hazy against the sky, and he suggested that it was time to return.

"If you are tired of my company, sir, I am willing. You ought not to grudge the little pleasure of congenial society to one so sadly placed as I am."

That phrase, "congenial society," overcame the sailor, and he suffered her to ramble where she pleased, plucking wild flowers which sprung up among the rocks, and talking pleasantly all the time.

"By the soul of Neptune," said Carter, "I am sorry I joined the captain in stealing you away from your father."

"There is time to repair the wrong," she said, eagerly.

"No, no, lady ; you little know this wild band to which I am pledged. Infidelity to it is punished with death, sudden and swift. Lady, I am not what I seem, a rude sailor, for my family had a name in England in the days of Edward the Confessor. The youngest son of a poor but proud race, I fell into evil ways, until you see me, as I am. I have taken the oath, I have sworn fealty to the band, and I must keep my faith."

"An unholy oath may be broken without sin," said Annie, fervently. "I pray you, for the sake of the mother you loved once, in the name of all true women, to set me free. I have power enough in this colony to say that you shall go out of

it unharmed by the law, and with wealth enough to enable you to lead an honest life elsewhere."

"My mother!" cried the sailor, "Oh, do not speak that holy name. I had a mother who loved me, and whose prayers ought to have saved me from the wicked life I have led, but it is too late, too late!"

"It is never too late. We are at some distance from the camp; the men will not suspect you of treachery, and we can be far upon our way to Salem before they will think of pursuit. Listen to my prayer."

"Perdition! I will not be tempted in this way. Wicked though I am, I am proud of this, that I have never been unfaithful to my chief. The witchery of your presence overcame me for a moment, but now I am myself again. Come back to the camp!"

"No, no," cried Annie. "I can not go back."

He seized her by the wrist in a powerful clasp, and began to drag her away, when a dark figure sprung upon him, a matchet gleamed, and Giles Carter lay senseless upon the earth, while above him stood the terrible figure of Eutawan, holding a bloody tomahawk in his hand. At the same moment up rose Saul Hinton and Mark Myerle, and ran toward them.

Annie, overjoyed, forgetting where she was, threw herself into the arms of Mark Myerle, with a glad cry and fainted. Saul Hinton ran in, and pulled the chief away from the insensible form of Giles Carter just as the glittering knife was lifted to take his scalp.

"No, no, Eutawan. This man has offended against our laws, and he must suffer by the same. It will be more disgraceful for him to fall by the fatal rope, than to feel the scalping-knife."

"He is mine, *mine!*" replied Eutawan, with a fierce look.

"Leave him to me, Eutawan," said Mark. "Bind his arms behind his back, and put a gag in his mouth, and bring him along."

He lifted the insensible form of Annie and carried her on a little way, until he reached a running brook, where he bathed her forehead and hands, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes, looking at him with a blush stealing up into her beautiful face.

"I am ashamed of myself for yielding to my feelings," she said, rising. "Thank you, lieutenant, but I can walk by myself now."

He raised her to her feet, and gazed admiringly upon her.

"I can not sufficiently commend the coolness with which you drew this deserter into our hands," said he. "It is wonderful what power woman has over the rudest man's heart."

"I believe he was touched," said Annie, eagerly, "and I would not have him come to harm."

"Nothing can save him," replied Mark. "If he escapes the fate of a deserter, he must certainly be condemned for the double crime of kidnapping and joining the Indians against the colonies. You must thank Eutawan for finding you out and leading us here."

"It was he who brought the note from you last night?" she said, extending her hand to the chief.

"Yes; only he could have made his way into the very center of an Indian encampment."

Eutawan took the little white hand extended to him, pressed it to his breast and stepped back. By this time Giles Carter had so far recovered as to see who his captors were, and to understand that he was in great danger, and he uttered a low groan.

"Ay, deserter, your fate is sealed," said Saul. "You will not thank us for saving you from the knife of the Indian when you stand beneath the gallows tree."

"Cowards, do you think I fear you? No! Giles Carter has faced death in too many forms to tremble at the words of man."

"Stand up," said Saul, "and see that you move briskly, or I will help you in a way you may not like. Stand behind, Eutawan, and start him if he dallies."

"Where do you mean to take me?" growled Carter.

"To Salem."

"Yes, to be tried by your thrice-accursed Puritans. The way is long to Salem, and there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip; I may escape. And if I do, woe to all here, for I will give myself no rest until you are under the rod."

"Forbear, unhappy man," cried Annie. "With such a fate before you, do you dare to talk of murder?"

"Ay, Mistress; it was you, none but you, who brought me to this pass with your oily tongue. I shall remember it, be sure of that, and if you ever fall again into my hands beware my vengeance!"

"Silence your accursed tongue," cried Mark, sternly, "or I will find a way to still it; come on."

Mark took Annie's hand in his and led her forward. Saul came next, holding in one hand the end of a stout cord, passed about the neck of the prisoner, and Eutawan followed, with his knife in his hand. With such artificial aids, Giles was enabled to march briskly, and they soon put several miles between them and the camp they had so lately left.

"This is a wicked world, Master Giles," said Saul, as he jerked the rope sharply, "as you will find to your cost if you do not keep up. Can you tell me the name of the master you serve?"

"It is no business of yours."

"Indeed! I shall make it my business soon."

"Walk woods," said Eutawan, touching Carter not over gently with the point of the knife.

"I'll have your life for that, Indian," hissed Giles. "Oh, that I should be the one to be fooled out of my senses by the long tongue of a woman."

"You are not the first one who has been in that predicament, Master Giles," said Saul, grinning. "The wisest, as well as the best of men have gone astray in this respect, and why should not you, a kidnapper of but average intellect. You won't tell the name of your master?"

"Not if you cut me to pieces. Oh!"

"What now?" said Mark, looking back.

"This cursed Indian! Mistress Annie, will you let them torture me?"

"Do not use unnecessary cruelty, Mr. Hinton," said Annie, reprovingly. "Speak to them, Mr. Myerle."

"Saul's blood is up," replied Mark, "and indeed, it is as much as I can do to keep my hands off the scoundrel. But, do not trouble him, Saul, and bring him on with all speed. I think you had better gag him."

Saul constructed a gag by twisting a handkerchief about the blade of a dagger, and thrusting the handle into the mouth of the victim, who now showed the astonishing spectacle of a man with a knife-blade growing out of his mouth. They marched on for some hours, at a rapid rate, until Annie began to show signs of weariness. Then they halted by a spring, in the woods, and Giles was anchored to the trunk of a huge tree, while the others sat down to rest, and partake of food.

"I had not hoped to be successful so soon, Mistress Annie," said Mark, as he sat by her side. "I shall esteem myself fortunate all my life for this day's work. Do you know a man who calls himself James Wilson?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"Such a man has come to Salem since your captivity, who seems to know your father."

"Indeed!"

"I have taken an impression that Wilson is not his true name," said Mark. "I took him for a man I knew at Antwerp, a sort of sea robber of the worst class, whose name was Battleboro."

"The name is not familiar to me, but my father doubtless knew many whom I never saw. What is the man like?"

Mark was about to answer, when he saw Eutawan spring suddenly to his feet and grasp his weapons. Hinton followed his example, and at the same moment a flight of arrows rattled through the leaves, and Mark fell, pierced through the shoulder by a flying shaft, while, at the same moment, Annie felt herself seized from behind. Turning in terror, she saw a terrible face close to hers, the face of an Indian in his war paint!

At the same moment a dozen dark forms glided out of the forest, and attacked Hinton and the chief, who remained unharmed. Eutawan saw the uselessness of fighting, and, shouting to Hinton to follow, he plunged into the thicket, closely followed by the ensign, and two-thirds of the men who had assailed them. The man who held Annie took no part in the affray, and a slight figure, an Indian boy with a knife in his hand, stood over the prostrate body of Mark Myerle, and kept back the savages who were eager for his scalp.

Annie struggled uselessly to free herself from the nervous grasp of the man who held her, crying out :

"Who are you?"

"The White Chief!" was the stern reply.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BROKEN TRAIL.

THEY had fallen into the power of that mysterious being whose name was feared and hated through all the colonies, as a man who hated his kind with a more deadly hate than even the Indians. For two years he had been heard of, stirring up the tribes to revolt, and bringing death and flame into many a peaceful hamlet. No man had ever seen his face without the cover of the Indian war-paint, and Annie now saw him for the first time. A strong, lithe, sinewy figure, in the dress of a war-chief of the Narragansetts, but armed with pistols and dagger, weapons whose use he knew better than the ordinary weapons of the Indians. His dark eyes flashed with a strange light as he held Annie's arm and looked into her face.

"Speak, Giles Carter," he cried, addressing the prisoner bound to the tree. "What does this mean? Have you turned traitor?"

"No; if I had would I be tied up in this way? Order your men to release me, for I am cramped with these thrice-accursed cords."

An Indian stepped forward at a sign from the White Chief, and cut the bonds which fastened Carter to the tree. At the same time a shout from the Indian boy called the attention of the chief, and he saw the youngster flashing a dagger before the eyes of two or three Indians, who were struggling to reach the senseless form of Mark Myerle. The chief released Annie, and sprung forward, forcing the Indians back, shouting to them in the Indian tongue:

"Back, the pack of you! This man is my prisoner, and

I will kill any one who lays the weight of a finger on him."

"He is badly hurt," said the Indian boy in the same language. "Something must be done."

"See to the girl, then, and leave him to me; but beware that you do not suffer her to escape."

The boy, with a strange glitter in his eye, took his place by the side of Annie, while the White Chief stooped and parted the garments above the breast of the wounded man, who shivered and opened his eyes.

"All is lost," he gasped. "Annie—where is she?"

"I am here," cried Annie, springing forward; here, and safe." The Indian boy seized upon her, and dragged her back, with a fierce look, at which Annie trembled.

"Ha!" cried the chief. "Has it gone so far as that already? Why should I save this man, since, if he lives, he must be my rival?"

"Remember!" hissed the Indian boy, bending forward "You have promised."

The chief stooped again and looked at the wound. The shaft had entered below the joint of the shoulder, and showed through the skin upon the other side. The chief produced a small knife, made an incision, and pressed upon the arrow through the flesh, broke off the head, and pulled out the broken shaft.

"The wound is nothing," he said. "In a week he will be able to fight, and then we shall see."

He took off his scarf, and tearing it into strips, bound up the wound, which had bled freely. Annie, still held firmly in the grasp of the Indian boy, looked on with breathless interest, and her great joy at the decision of the impromptu surgeon showed itself in her face, and a wicked look came into the eyes of the chief.

"It is a lucky thing for you that I chanced to meet you, Master Giles," he said, turning to his first officer. "Had I not done so, and this lady had escaped me, I would have taken no rest, night or day, until you were dead."

"I know my oath, and respect it," replied Giles, sullenly. "This is strange language to a man who has been nearly killed in your service."

“Enough of that. I wonder if the Narragansetts will capture the rest of these runagates?”

“They might as well chase the wind. Hark! one of them has followed too close upon the heels of Eutawan.”

The peculiar cry, which Annie had heard at the night encampment, announced the death of a warrior, and the savages who had remained behind looked fiercely at the prisoners.

“Some Narragansett has lost his scalp,” said the chief coolly. “I must signal them to return.”

He took up a silver-mounted bugle which hung at his side, and blew a melodious blast. Soon after, an Indian returned and reported that one of their number had fallen, and that the rest were still in pursuit.

“Serves them right for acting without orders,” said Giles. “They are barking about after the trail like dogs who have lost the scent.”

The clamor of the pursuers died away in the distance, and no sound was heard in the forest. The chief listened for a moment, and then gave the order to march. Mark, weak from loss of blood, was supported by two strong savages, while the Indian boy, who had taken so great an interest in him, walked beside them, watching him with a jealous eye. Behind them came the chief and Annie, and after them the rest of the band, listening from time to time for the voices of their returning comrades. In this order they plunged into the forest, heading toward the camp in the glen.

Eutawan, leading, and closely followed by Saul Hinton, had bounded into a side path, crossed a little stream, and was away into the forest, chased by his unrelenting enemies, most of whom were a part of the guard who had been left to watch the fires by the grave of the warriors he had slain. They knew him at a glance, and, fired by vengeance, kept up the chase hotly. Saul Hinton was a famous runner, but he found his powers of endurance tried in attempting to keep pace with Eutawan; yet he did it. The Indian nearest to them in the chase was the brother of the Narragansett whom Eutawan had slain with the arrow, in the encounter with him upon the day when Annie was first lost. This man was a powerful fellow, and a good runner, and with his hatchet ready for use

he bounded on in pursuit of the slayer of his brother. Eutawan, looking over his shoulder, saw that this man was gaining, and was making preparations to throw his hatchet, a feat in which the two brothers had been famous among the tribes, as Eutawan was noted for the use of the arrow. The Wampanoag, even while running, had succeeded in getting an arrow out of the quiver, and halting suddenly, he let fly at his enemy. The keen point struck the eye of the foeman, and, staggering blindly forward, he fell at the foot of his conqueror. The next Indian was hardly twenty feet away. Planting his foot upon his prostrate enemy, Eutawan threw another arrow, which sent him reeling to the earth, pierced through the throat. A moment after, with the trophy of his victory in his hand, Eutawan rejoined Saul Hinton, who had not slackened his speed.

"Ha," muttered the chief; "what are the Narragansetts, that they should follow so close upon the trail of the son of a sachem of the Wampanoags? They fall like the leaves of the forest when the autumn wind is high."

The pursuing Indians halted for a moment above the bodies of their friends, and Hinton and his red friend managed to put a good space between them in the interval. After that it was a hopeless chase, for Eutawan knew how to break a trail. Directly in front of them was a small stream with a rocky channel. Signing to his companion to follow his example, the chief bounded from rock to rock along the bed of the stream, gained several hundred yards below, where he landed, and doubling on his track went back in the same direction from which he had lately come, diverging to the west, however, more directly toward the camp in the glen. The shouts of the baffled pursuers died away, and they knew that they were safe.

"Whew!" said Hinton; "pull up, Eutawan, for my wind is nearly gone. We certainly must be safe from them now."

They dropped upon the grass, the white man showing exhaustion, while the Indian was as fresh as ever.

"My brother is tired," said the chief. "The Narragansetts followed us close."

"Yes, and what luck we have had. Poor Mark is a prisoner, and they have taken Annie again."

"Eutawan is very sad for the Pale Lily," said the chief, "but he will save her from her enemies."

"Do you know them?"

"Eutawan heard the voice of the White Chief as he fled."

"Ha; is it possible that she has again fallen into his hands?"

"The White Chief is very cunning, but Eutawan is on his track. He will die the death of a dog."

"He deserves it; but do you think he will harm Annie?"

"The White Chief loves her, and would make her his wife," replied Eutawan. "But he is a wicked man, a bad heart, and he would make the life of the Pale Lily a sad one. Let her sooner die by the hand of a friend than go into his wigwam."

"We must save her, then. Poor Mark; I saw him go down just as we turned to run. Eutawan, Mark Myerle was my best friend, a bold, true-hearted man, and if he is slain I will never rest until I have killed the man who calls himself the White Chief."

"Eutawan does not forget a friend. He will remember all the evil which this bad man has done, and his scalp shall hang in an Indian lodge. Come; the way is long which we must travel and our feet must tread it quickly, if we would save our friends."

Hinton rose, drew his sword-belt tighter, and they began their march. Warned by the surprise of the night before, they kept a strict watch, lest they should be taken by the enemy. Suddenly Eutawan halted, and listened, and then gave utterance to a peculiar cry, which rung out clear and shrill through the forest. It was answered, and Eutawan signaled his companion to wait.

"Have we time to waste?"

"The time will not be wasted," replied the chief. "Leave it to me."

They sat down, and from time to time Eutawan gave the signal and received the answer, until the bushes parted and there came out beside them a runner of the Wampanoags naked to the waist, and bowed his head in mute obeisance to the chief.

CHAPTER X

THE MASK LIFTED. A FEARFUL ADVENTURE.

It was nightfall before Annie and her captors reached the camp. She was at once recommitted to her prison and a strong guard placed outside her door. Mark was placed in another cabin, also strongly guarded, and the White Chief dressed his wound with his own hand. The young man was downhearted, for he had failed, and that, too, in the moment when he least expected it. His wound tortured him, but that was nothing to the anguish of his spirit at the unhappy turn affairs had taken.

Annie, in her prison, was also in deep agony of mind, for she began to fear the worst. The chief had looked at her so strangely as to fill her with dread, and there was something in his majestic appearance which struck her deeply, even while she detested him. In her agony of mind she tried to read, but could only think of Mark Myerle, wounded and bleeding, in his prison; she saw his name on every page, and it was with a feeling akin to relief that she saw the door open and the majestic form of the chief enter, bowing to her with courtly grace.

"I must entreat your forbearance and patience with the course I have been forced to take, lady," he said. "Men of my kind are often forced to do things having the appearance of evil in their own defense. If I have done you wrong it was against my will."

"How can you say that, sir," she said, "when you know that you assailed us as we passed peacefully on our way, in the free woods?"

"Lady, the men with whom you were had one of my trusted friends a prisoner."

"Your trusted friend, if by that title you choose to designate Giles Carter, has earned death on the gallows for his crimes."

"Indeed! Do you look at the worthy Giles in that light. If it is your pleasure, say but the word, and he shall die to-morrow."

"What should I gain by that?"

"Vengeance! It is for that object many pass their lives. I myself have tried, in my weak way, to do justice to my enemies, and so far I have always succeeded nobly. But, a truce to that, and let me beg of you to consider yourself at home. Myself and the men under my charge, will obey your commands always, in any thing which is right and just, although we can not give you liberty. Do you not know me?"

"Know you? I never saw your face before."

"Nor heard my voice?"

"Your voice is indeed familiar, but I do not know you."

"Yet I am one who has loved you well. In the English court, among dames and maidens of high rank, among whom I might have chosen a mate, I have singled you out, and loved you. Your image has been imprinted upon my heart in such vivid colors, that no other could efface it. I have lived for your sake, endured many evils, toiled and suffered, with the hope that your love would make all right at last. While you remained secluded in London, after the removal of your father from the court, I lost you, but did not despair."

"Man, man, who are you?"

"Can you not turn your memory back to the days under the pleasant English skies, in the blaze and glitter of the court, when you were brightest of all stars that shone in that galaxy of beauty? Can you think of no one who loved you?"

"I can think of many who fluttered about me, in that reckless time, but I can think of no one who loved me truly."

"And this is my answer!" he cried, in a despairing tone.

"This is all the answer I can give. For the follies of that time I have had many hours of grief, and I hope they are atoned for fully. I wish to hear no more of this."

"Do you not desire to see my face? Is there not one, among all those you knew, for whom you keep a tender place in your heart?"

"Although I do not acknowledge your claim to ask the question, I answer 'no.'"

"Then look in my face, mad girl, and know me," cried the chief, raising his hand to his face, which for the first time she saw was covered by a copper-colored mask. "Behold!"

He tore off the mask and showed her his face, and as quickly replaced the covering, but even in that fleeting glimpse she knew him, turned deadly pale, and staggered back, making a gesture of absolute repulsion with both extended palms.

"You, you, Francis Vivian! Oh, heaven, I thought you were dead, and have prayed for the repose of your soul. God pardon the evils of your ill-spent life."

"A most gracious reception you give me, Annie. I had hoped for better, in return for the years of devotion to you."

"Come back from the jaws of death, to offer me your guilty hand! Away, and in this life let me never see your wicked face again."

"You make me angry for the first time, Annie. Guilty? *You* are not so free from stain as to be able to accuse me of more sin than falls to the lot of man. If I have done evil, it was for your sake, and for no other."

"Your insult to me can not be forgiven or forgotten. It is enough to say that once I trusted you, and thought you all that was noble and brave in man, but that time is over, and I love you no more."

"I might have expected this," he said, coldly. "Out of sight, out of mind. I have taken measures to make such a refusal on your part of little value. You are here, in my hands, surrounded by men devoted to me, and who will do my bidding in every particular. In such an emergency, you had better yield with grace."

"To what?"

"To be my wife! Why else have I followed you over the sea? I have been an exile, an outcast, an outlaw; my deeds have been evil, although my nature revolted at crime. In your hands I would be a different man; for your sake I would change my life, and become again an English squire, caring for my tenants, and making your life so happy that you would forget these dark days. Oh, Annie, is it hopeless? have I so completely lost your esteem?"

"I would have you amend your life, and that indeed will make me happy."

"And will you reward me?"

"Virtue is its own reward. You will doubtless find in the

large circle of your acquaintance, many to whom your love will be a blessing. Seek such a one, lead a happy life, and if the prayers of poor Annie Carnecross can avail, your future will be bright."

"Cease!" he said, angrily. "I have done with useless prayers and protestations. Life without your love would be useless, and I care not how soon I lay it down; but you are in my power, and the sea rover knows how to choose himself a bride and enforce her compliance, if necessary. There is one thing more. You have looked your last upon the face of Mark Myerle, who has taken your wandering fancy. He cares nothing for you; he loves Millicent Townly, the daughter of the inn-keeper of Salem."

"I think you speak falsely," replied Annie, "but what is that to me?"

"Much, or I am greatly mistaken in my estimate of human nature. But I have told you the truth, and you will do well not to fix your affections upon any thing unattainable."

"You insult me, sir," cried the girl, proudly. "Annie Carnecross does not give her affections unasked to any man."

"Then he has spoken!" cried Vivian, fiercely. "The saints have pity on his soul, for he is no better than a dead man."

"He has not spoken of love to me," replied Annie. "Why should I bring evil upon the man who has suffered for my sake? I pray you, Francis Vivian, for the sake of the love you once bore me, set the young man at liberty."

"That he may go to Salem, and bring a force of thick-headed Puritans upon me to cut up my crew, root and branch. Not I! For the present I bid you good-night, but if you were buried in the bowels of the earth, deep down amid the forgotten relics of the earliest days of the world, you could not be more completely separated from your father and Mark Myerle than now. In a few days you will be upon the sea, and, once there, what power can save you?"

He flung open the door, and strode out into the night, leaving her alone. While this conversation had been going on, Mark Myerle had a visitor. His door was opened, and the Indian boy, who had saved him from the knives of the Narragansetts, came in, and addressed him in the Indian tongue, in a musical voice:

"Is your wound painful?" he said. "Can I do any thing to give you ease?"

"Nothing," replied Mark, in the same language. "My agony is more of mind than of body."

"I pity you," said the Indian boy, with a sad intonation of his voice.

"I believe you, my boy," he said, kindly. "I have a fleeting thought that you saved me from the weapons of the Indians, as I fell. Was it not so?"

"I have done what I could," replied the boy. "I would not have had you slain."

"Thanks; though in my anguish at my failure I almost prayed to die. Who and what is the White Chief who has taken me captive?"

"A black-hearted dog!" said the Indian boy, with sudden energy, and to the surprise of the young man, speaking the purest English, and in a well-known voice. Mark started, and sprung from the bench on which he half reclined, and came nearer, while the Indian boy turned his face aside.

"I know that voice," he said, eagerly. "You are Millicent Townly, and no other. Why are you here, and in this disguise?"

"You have my secret, Mark. I pray you not to let him know that you have fathomed it."

"Whom do you mean?"

"I mean—the White Chief."

"He has another name."

"A score of them. Oh, I hate him, I hate him, but I hate myself worse because I am here. He has deceived me foully and he shall atone for it."

"Millicent," said Mark, sternly, "why have you left your father's house?"

"Ask me not," she replied, wildly, making wild gestures. "I can not tell you."

"Milly, we have been friends a long time, and your kindness has made my life in this rude country very happy, but it makes me very sad to see you following the footsteps of a man whom you yourself say is a black-hearted villain. If he has done you wrong, I will call him to a dear account if I am ever free from his hands. But, to see you here, and in a

disguise so little suited to your sex, is more than I can bear."

"There is no such wrong in it as you suppose, Mark. I hate this man too much to follow him for the love I bear him."

"Who shall tell this to Saul Hinton, who loves you so dearly? Do not say that you care nothing for his good opinion, for I am better informed. He loves you dearly, and what will he say when he hears of this strange event?"

"It is not *his* good opinion I covet," replied Milly. "Saul Hinton is a brave man, and has been a good friend to me, but some day perhaps you will understand how it is that I am here. Remember that I am your friend, and for your sake will do any thing except betray that which has been told me under the seal of confidence."

"Milly, wait a moment. You have seen Annie Carnecross, and the danger in which she is. Save her from the power of that bad man, and earn my eternal gratitude."

"What have I to do with her?" replied Milly, coldly.

"I am sorry to hear you ask the question, but I will answer it. The duty of any good woman who sees another in affliction."

"Would it make you very happy if she were to escape, Mark?" said the unfortunate girl, softly.

"I care not how soon my life ends, if by giving it up I can save hers."

"You love her very dearly then?"

"I have no right to say it, and have never spoken of it to her, but love is a tame word to express my adoration of her."

Mellicent, hearing this death-warrant to her love, clutched the handle of a dagger convulsively, looked at him with a glance of mingled anger and reproach, and went out without a word, unheeding his call to return, and leaving him deeply mystified by her proceedings. Unconscious of her love for him, he could not understand why she should be so moved by his declaration of affection for Annie. She went out into the quiet night, her bosom in a tumult, feeling all the wild passion of unrequited love; and, turning away, she fled, leaving the camp far behind. She felt that she must go . . .

main, with her present feeling, was to urge her on to the commission of a great crime.

The forest was all about her, lighted only by the pale beams of the moon. Milly was a woman of determined spirit, and even if her mind had been at rest, would have trod the forest path unflinchingly. Her desperate resolution was to leave the camp, and let affairs work themselves out, unheeded and unchecked by her. For herself, she would live down her sorrow as best she might, in the quiet of her life at Salem.

She went on in the forest for an hour, and at last sunk exhausted at the foot of a tree, in a little sheltered glade. The bright moonlight streamed about her, covering her form as with a glory, and she knelt upon the soft moss and prayed, and felt her heart softened.

"Yes," she murmured, "I know that he will not love me, and that he loves her very dearly, but dare I hate her for that, and *can* I hate him? No; he has been to me the kindest brother, the dearest friend, any girl ever had. I can still be that to him if nothing more, and if I come to know her, perhaps I shall love her too. My heart is lighter than it has been since I began to feel that he did not love me, and I could sleep."

She laid her head upon a mossy knoll, and throwing the gay blanket she wore more closely about her, slept the sleep of innocence and purity, peaceful and undisturbed. The gentle wind fanned her verdant covering, but she heeded it not; the night-bird flitted by on silent wing, but he had no power to break her rest; weasels and squirrels paused at the strange figure which had intruded on their domain, and set up an impatient barking, but she slept on for hours.

It is said that imminent danger will sometimes arouse a sleeper, even though it may approach in silence. Milly suddenly awoke to a knowledge of a peril as great as it was unexpected. Lying with her head pillowed on her arm, she slowly opened her eyes, and saw, upon the earth in front of her, and looking at her with burning orbs, a huge panther. Its great length was stretched catlike upon the sod, its prehensile claws now and then clutching at the earth with a strange sound, while the eyes were never turned from the sleeping form of the girl. It has been said that the noblest

brutes of creation disdain to touch a dead form, and how long this ferocious beast had been watching her, Millicent did not know. Frozen by terror, she remained silent, watching the animal, without moving a limb or giving utterance to a sound. She felt that she was in deadly peril, and that nothing could avert it, in all human probability. She could only hope that her patience would tire that of the animal, and he would leave her. A fearful watcher to lie within ten feet of her, with its eyes half shut, waiting for the slightest movement on her part to destroy her. She prayed fervently that God would forgive any evil she had done and take her to his eternal rest. She had been guilty of envy, of hatred, and disobedience, in the last few days. She prayed that he would spare her the punishment due for these sins. Would Mark ever know how she died? Would Saul Hinton grieve? There were times when her heart would go back to Saul, for she remembered that he, thinking her chosen by Mark Myerle, had given her up with a manly sigh or two, and went on his way unflinchingly. Yes, Saul would be sad, and she thought, if she had been spared, she would have been kinder to him.

Still she kept silent, watching her enemy with half-closed eyes. She was in agony, and strongly tempted to leap up, try her pistol, and meet her death. But the weapons were in her belt, and if she moved to touch them, it would bring the brute upon her more quickly.

She thought of her father, old Bob Townly who, rude of speech as he was, had loved her so tenderly. Would he know how his erring daughter had ended her life?

What is that! The brute is stirring, and, rising with the caution so characteristic of the feline race, turns his graceful head over his right shoulder, to look into the forest. In an instant a pistol is in her hand lying upon the earth before her, in a position to be ready for sudden use. The panther turned and looked at her, and saw her rigid as a marble image, but there was a change in her position which he did not understand, and the bristles upon his back began to rise, as his green eyes were fixed upon the white hand grasping the pistol. You have seen a cat approach an object of distrust, with her head upon one side, advancing one paw slowly to

feel the object of which she is in doubt. So it was with the panther, and Milly felt that velvet paw drop upon her hand playfully, and knowing that nothing but the most superhuman courage could save her now, she managed, by the exercise of her powerful will, to restrain the scream which she felt rising to her lips. For an instant the paw of the panther remained upon her hand, and then it was slowly withdrawn, and the pistol was at liberty.

But the panther did not appear to be at ease. Advancing and retreating alternately, now turning his eyes toward the woods, and now fixing them upon the prostrate girl, while moving to and fro, he appeared to hesitate as to his course, when Milly, whose nerves were strung to the highest pitch, lifted the pistol when the head of the brute was turned toward the woods, and fired. At the same moment she sprung to her feet, drew her dagger, and standing with her back to the tree, waited.

The effect of the shot was terrific. At first the monster rolled upon the earth, biting his flesh, and emitting almost human screams of anguish. She saw that the shoulder-joint had been shattered by the shot, and that, in his crippled condition, there might be some little chance of eluding him. All at once, as he tumbled about upon the sod, he caught sight of the immovable figure of the girl, and sprung at her upon three legs. But, slipping round the tree, she ran to another a few paces away, and turned again, just in time to elude the leap of the maddened brute. Again and again he sprung at her, and as often rolled to the earth, uttering his eldritch scream when he alighted upon his wounded shoulder. She felt her strength failing, and knew that she must soon fall a victim to the terror of the forest, but she struggled for life with desperate energy, while the fury and strength of the animal seemed to increase at each successive leap. At last worn out, she sunk upon her knees, and resting one hand upon the earth, advanced the dagger, to which she still clung, with an unshaking hand, while she looked him in the face.

"There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Creator which daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of creation, and some such power as this, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow," says the great novelist,

Cooper. The mad beast felt that power, and turned away his head. But a new twinge of pain in his wounded shoulder maddened him again, and he gathered himself for the leap.

But, even as he rose, a bullet rung through the air, an arrow whistled, and two forms, an Indian and a white man, sprung in between the panther and his intended victim. Eutawan and Saul Hinton had come!

CHAPTER XI.

BAGGING THE GAME.

THE White Chief was the first to discover the absence of Milly Townly. He was in a fearful rage and sent for Carter, who denied any knowledge of her whereabouts. None of the men knew her, except as an Indian boy whom the chief had picked up on the march, and they had no orders to stop any of the Indians when they chose to leave the camp. A moment's thought convinced the chief that it was no more than justice to exonerate the men from blame, but he sent out messengers in every direction to see if they could find her. Their search was unavailing, but early in the morning she came into camp, looking worn out, but with a certain elation and triumph in her air which he could not understand.

"How is this, Milly?" said the chief. "How dare you wander about in the woods at this time, knowing the danger of such a course to yourself."

"I was weary of my life, careless of consequences, and I took a walk in the moonlight," replied Milly. "The end of it was, I lost my way, and passed the night in the woods."

"You must stop this wandering, Mistress," he said, angrily. "It will not do under the circumstances. You visited Mark Myerle last night; did you satisfy yourself that he does not love you?"

"Yes," she replied, with a sigh. "It is true."

"You would not believe me, when I told you."

"Are you so truthful, James Wilson, Francis Vivian, Thomas Carlyle, or whatever you choose to call yourself, that

I am to believe your slightest word? You are a liar, and the truth is not in you, as you well know."

"Hard words will not affect me, my girl. What harm did I ever do you beyond leaving you to your own devices, which many would say was the best service I ever did you?"

"I say so, too, sea rover, pirate, thief, what you will. Do not think that there lingers in my heart the least tenderness for you, or that I join you in this for *your* sake"

"Uncomplimentary as your verdict is, I accept it. You join me to avenge yourself upon Annie Carnecross, to make Myerle love you, and to save your father from the gallows-tree, upon which I could place him to-morrow."

"*If you dared!*"

"Bah! I am not a fool, to put my own neck in the noose. I could lodge information against him without appearing in it myself. Go to Annie Carnecross and fathom her mind. Remember that I am only Francis Vivian to her, not James Wilson, or any of my rather numerous progeny of names."

"I will go in the dress suited to my sex, then," said Milly. "I am sick of this foolish disguise."

"Very good; you will find your clothing in your cabin. When you have drawn her out, I will hear from you."

Milly went into the cabin which had been assigned to her, and appeared soon after in her proper apparel, and the men looked with wonder and delight at the handsome woman who had been in their midst unknown.

"The captain has taste," said Carter. "Does it seem possible that a man could abandon a glorious creature like this, as the captain did?"

"Who is she?" demanded one of the men, not long recruited.

"Butter Bob's daughter."

"Who is Butter Bob?"

"I forgot that you were not with us then. Butter Bob, or as he was sometimes called, Fat Bob Townly, was mate of the Flying Arrow for four years, and a right good seaman he was, and keeps an inn at Salem now."

"Mine host hath a handsome daughter," replied the man. "I think this one far ahead of the other, for she shows more spirit."

The White Chief appeared, and whispered in the ear of Millicent, who nodded her head slightly, and followed him to the door of the prison of Annie Carnecross, which he opened.

"I bring you a fellow-prisoner, Mistress Annie," he said. "I hope you may get on well together."

Annie cast a surprised look at the handsome face and figure of Millicent, and saluted her, and the chief introduced them and it once left the room.

"This is the first kindness that bad man has shown me since my captivity began," said Annie, rising, and giving her hand to her rival. "I am sure we shall like each other."

Millicent took the little hand laid so confidently in her own, and held it for a moment in silence, and then, as if actuated by a sudden impulse, drew her nearer and kissed her lips, and Annie returned the caress.

"It would be a hard heart indeed which would not love you, little one," she said, kindly. "After what I see, I do not wonder that our brave lieutenant, Mark Myerle, yielded so quickly to your charms."

A vivid blush rose into the face of Annie.

"Do you—that is—does he—"

She paused in utter confusion.

"You may be sure of it," replied Milly, turning away her head. "Perhaps no one in this country knows his mind better than I, and he has unburdened his heart to me."

If Annie could have known what it cost her to say that.

"There, there," she said. "Sit down, and let us talk. Are you, too, the victim of this base man?"

"I am his prisoner, if that is what you mean," said Milly, slowly, and turning her head away.

"We can comfort each other, then," said Annie. "I have not a sister, and you shall be my sister from this hour."

Milly fell upon the neck of her rival, and wept. Those were gracious drops and comforted her sore heart. As they clung together, a watchful eye was glaring at them through the latticed window behind them. It was the White Chief, who had taken his station unobserved.

"The girl is a jewel," he thought. "Soul of my body, but I am nearly in love with her again. She will worm every secret out of Annie Carnecross in an hour."

"And do you love Mark Myerle, dear sister?" said Millicent.

"He is a brave man, and I could love him," replied Annie.

"And the White Chief?"

"His name is Francis Vivian, and I hate him. Some time I will tell you why."

"Then you will not marry him?"

"Never; he shall kill me first."

"Yet he has a handsome face, a smooth tongue, and a brave heart. Many would gladly link their fate with his."

"No pure woman would do so, if she knew him as I know him. Milly, let me bid you to beware of this man of blood and crime, and do not let him deceive you."

"I shall take care; have no fear that I shall ever marry Francis Vivian. But, have you considered what perils a refusal may bring upon you?"

"I have thought of all, and will sooner die than yield to him."

If the old proverb is true, that listeners never hear any good of themselves, then the White Chief received his deserts. He retreated, gnashing his teeth with rage, and shortly after Milly came out of the cabin and joined him.

"What do you report?" he demanded.

"She loves Mark Myerle, and hates you," was the answer, delivered in a tone which left no doubt that Milly was glad of the opportunity to annoy him.

"Have you warned her of the danger of a refusal?"

"Yes; the poor child opened her heart to me, and I despise myself for my treachery to her."

"It is for your own good, Mistress, for had you reported otherwise I should have known you were false to your compact with me. I heard every word of your conversation, and must say that you did it beautifully."

"I am a false-hearted, wicked woman, and have done wrong, but my love is stronger than my will. What more would you have me do?"

"Nothing at present. Do you wish to remain with Annie?"

"I think it better. She will tell me every thing."

"Very good; you may go back, and I will remove the guard to show that I have confidence in you."

"I would not do that. Leave one man, at least, so that she can not be said to escape through my aid."

He looked at her with a keen, questioning glance, and said nothing, but she noticed that a watch was kept upon her movements. Twice when she attempted to leave the camp he joined her upon some frivolous pretense, and she saw at once that she was not to be permitted to indulge her propensity for rambling to any great extent, and she gave it up and returned to the cabin, where Annie was waiting for her. Not a word passed between them, but the look which Milly gave her was sufficient.

Night came, and the two girls retired to their couches, but not to sleep. For several hours they lay silent, and then Milly arose and looked from the window. All the camp was at rest; the only beings in sight were the Indians, sleeping about their fires. The White Chief had kept his word, and no guard was near the building.

"Rise, Annie," whispered Millicent. "This is our opportunity, and we shall not have a better."

Annie rose, put on her hat, and stole out of the cabin, closely following Milly, who led the way. Scarcely had they cleared the threshold when a wild laugh sounded in their ears, and half a dozen men sprang up and seized them.

"Aha!" cried Carter, who had taken Annie. "I have my revenge upon you now, ladybird. So you would have escaped again, Mistress?"

"Who says we were trying to escape?" demanded Milly. "Can not I look out of the door without being seized upon in this manner?"

"That is all very well, but it won't work here, my lady. You will have to settle with the captain for this night's work. Back you go, my doves."

The two girls, weeping with vexation, were forced back into the cabin, and the guard took its place again. Nothing more was done until morning, when the outposts came in and said that two men had attempted to enter camp; had been fired at, and returned the fire, wounding an Indian and killing a sailor named Bates.

"No doubt that accursed Entawan and Saul Hinton," said Carter, as he made the report to his chief. "I would give all I expect to gain this year to have them at my mercy."

"What did they do to you?"

"Knocked me down like an ox, and goaded me with a knife-point because I did not walk fast enough to suit them."

"We must get out of this, Giles," said the White Chief. "These fellows will soon have help, probably are waiting for it now, and will make this valley too hot to hold us. I have been to the schooner, and she is in gallant trim, ready for a cruise, and her hold stuffed with the choicest furs. The Indians have kept their word with us, and before they suspect us of bad faith, I think we would do well to flit."

"I'm with you, captain. I, for one, long for the salt sea, the flashing brine, the white sail and the wet deck. Hurrah! I think I feel the planks under my feet now!"

"I think the men are ready for a voyage."

"Ready and willing. We are only wasting lives every day we stay here. My advice is, make sail, and away in our bonnie brigantine for Old England."

"Pass the word to the men to get their possibles together. Let them be armed to the teeth, every musket loaded and every pistol charged. They had better wear their cutlasses, for there is no telling what may happen before we get aboard."

Carter hurried away, elated at the orders he had received, and in the hope of which he had been waiting for some time. A clamor at once arose in the camp, and men were seen darting here and there in great haste, making ready for a march. Carter was prominent among them, his joy at the prospect of being afloat filled him with unusual spirit.

"What is to be done with this Mark Myerle?" he said, addressing the White Chief.

"What is your idea?"

"Cut him adrift; what do we want of a helpless wreck in tow, when we shall be afloat so soon? Remember the word, 'Dead men tell no tales'."

"Would you kill him now? I think not, for I hope to make the saving of his life the price of Annie's submission."

"You'll slip up in that. The girl won't submit worth a

penny, now I tell you plain. I'd better detail a guard for the prisoner, then."

"Yes: and report when you are ready to march."

"Shall the Indians go with us?"

"Better take them along; make them think we are going upon some expedition against the whites."

"You will get the girls ready for the march, I suppose. Milly Townly is to be mine, is my understanding of the matter."

"I agree to that, when they are aboard, but say nothing to her now."

Three hours after, a compact body of whites, forty in number, emerged from the valley and took a course toward the coast. Close behind them came a motley group of savages, variously armed, and between the two bands marched Annie Carnecross, Mark Myerle and Millicent Townly, each wearing a dejected look. It seemed as if they were indeed forsaken.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SEA ROVER'S MASTER.

THEY marched rapidly all that day, and camped in a nook on the river, some twenty miles north of Salem. The next day they were again on the tramp, moving rapidly, as if fearing pursuit. One by one the hours went by, and at the close of a toilsome afternoon they caught a glimpse of blue water, and heard the sullen roar of the ocean. Half an hour later they were marching along a shingly beach, under the shadow of giant bluffs, until they reached a little sheltered bay, with water enough over its bar for a light-draught vessel, and here, riding securely at her anchors, with her topmasts lowered and much of her rigging and gear unbent, lay a beautiful brigantine, or what is termed a fore-and-after. A long, low, black, and rakish-looking craft, reminding one irresistibly of the days of the Buccaneers. The white streak in her side displayed seven ports on a side, and amidships was a pivot for a long

gun, although it was not mounted. She had a flush deck, that is, clear fore and aft, and her lines had been laid down in a very commendable manner for those days of notoriously slow sailing.

"Ha!" cried the White Chief. "Look at her, my darling, my pride! You surely have no good taste, Mistress Annie, or you would esteem it an honor to be queen of such a craft as that. Is she not beautiful?"

"I grant that, but I have no desire to come into your kingdom," said Annie.

"When I tread yonder decks I am a king, and the true king dare not wag a finger at me. I laugh at your snail-going cruisers, and in that light-heeled craft can run away from any frigate that ever plowed the deep. What say you, men, is there no greeting for our bonny brigantine?"

The men raised a thunderous cheer, which made the old woods ring.

"I ask you, Master Myerle, whether it is better to be the minion of a foolish ruler, or a free man on a free deck, roving the ocean where you will, putting in at any port without saying with or by your leave? The chance is before you, for I think so highly of your powers that I will make you my first officer if you will join us."

"Will he take the oath?" said Giles Carter. "Without that he can never be one of the free brotherhood. Our oaths are strong, and once taken it is death to disobey them."

"I have taken service in another cause," replied Mark, "and I will not join your pirate band."

"Pirate!"

"Yes; the more I see of you, the more I am satisfied that this is the band of Francis Battleboro, whom I met in Antwerp. Your disguise is so many flimsy rags to see through, Battleboro."

"You know me, then?"

"I know that you are Francis Battleboro, the captain of yonder sea rover, the Flying Arrow."

"True; I am Captain Battleboro; what of it?"

"Nothing, except that you have an account to settle with me, unless you are a coward, and of that sin I do not accuse you."

"Then it seems you desire to cross swords with me?"

"Such is my wish; and if I do not make you repent the crimes of your guilty life, then God no longer defends the innocent and punishes the guilty. I ask no better than a duel to the death, upon this greensward under our feet."

"Umph! Now that I can do so with safety, I am not the man to balk you, and your desire shall be granted in due time. But, there is singular misapprehension here. Mistress Annie Carnecross, what is my name?"

"Francis Vivian, a most perfidious villain," replied Annie. "Do not fight with him, Mark, I pray you."

"I must," replied Mark, "but you are mistaken in his name. I know him to be Captain Battleboro, of the Flying Arrow and, to convince you that I am right, look at the name imprinted upon the stern of yonder brigantine."

Annie looked, and there, blazoned in letters of gold, she saw the name, "Flying Arrow," and above the impression of a golden arrow with blood upon the point.

"If I were to ask Mistress Millicent Townly, whom I forbid to speak, she would tell you that neither of you know me or have given my right name. I am the Wandering Jew, that is the truth. Now, Mark Myerle, since you wish to try the merit of steel against steel, let me say to you that after my rigging is bent, I will do you the extreme felicity of giving you a grave under this mossy sod, since you are so bent upon it. Until that time I shall be very busy, and can do nothing for you except place you under guard. Carter, see to it, for I would not have this man escape for untold wealth."

"Mark," pleaded Annie, "do not fight him; I beg it upon my knees. This cruel man will kill you, and I shall be left alone."

"Fear not for me, dear Annie," said Mark, with a tender look. "I shall not die until my time is full."

"To-morrow, before we sail," hissed the captain, almost beside himself with passion, as he observed the tender manner in which Mark addressed Annie. "No man ever insulted the Rover of the Sea and escaped with life. Put him under guard."

"I desire to remain near my friends to-night," said Annie. "Do not separate us, Francis Vivian."

"Let it be so. A few hours can make no difference, as, before sunset, he will be dead."

The three were left together, and Millicent took upon herself the task of comforting the others.

"You look upon me with distrust, Mark," she said, "and there was a time when you had good reason, although the time is past. Be of good comfort; they say the darkest hour is ever before the daylight breaks, and you two may yet be happy, and I, as a sister to both, may be happy in my way. I ask nothing from you but the same brotherly regard which you have always given me, and which I covet. Why should you not trust in me?"

"I trust you, Milly," said Annie, putting her arm about the neck of the brave girl. "When I can not trust you, I shall cease to feel or know."

"Thank you; that makes me stronger. I will confess that the time was when I did not love you, and that I came to the camp with this villain for no purpose of kindness to you. My sinfulness makes me ashamed; but I will atone for it, and I swear to you that, sooner than you shall be his victim, I will kill you with my own hand."

"Thanks; a thousand thanks, dear Milly. Women of our blood can endure any thing better than dishonor. Now, Mark, are you satisfied? Promise not to fight with this man."

"I can not promise, Annie. We should not fear to speak before this dear friend. Do you love me?"

"If I did not, I should not suffer so much for your sake. I would save your life."

"Then make me this promise, that, not even to save my life will you yield to the demands of this pirate, Battleboro."

"I promise, Mark."

He took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly, when, with a savage oath, the White Chief, who had been standing not far away, jealously regarding the two, rushed in and tore them apart.

"Ten thousand curses on your head, Mark Myerle! If you repeat that action I will bury my dagger in your heart, prisoner though you are."

"Do; it would be a brave action to stab an unarmed

prisoner, and you could boast of it among your robber crew."

Vivian made no answer, but dragged Annie away, when Millicent sprung forward and caught him by the arm. In a raging fury, he turned and struck her in the face with his open hand. As she reeled back, blinded by the blow, a murmur of execration arose among the rude men who followed him. There is an innate feeling of chivalry blended with the character of the sailor, which can not brook an insult to a beautiful woman. An angry snarl was heard among the sea-tigers; half a dozen of them drew their weapons, and a burly fellow, who acted as boatswain of the brigantine, came forward as spokesman.

"Beggin' pardon of the deck," he said, "this won't do; the boys won't stand it, even from you, capt'in."

"What! Do you mutiny, Caleb Sloan?" hissed the captain, laying his hand upon a pistol.

"If it's mutiny to say that you shan't lay hands upon a woman, then I mutiny, by the livin' king!" replied the blunt sailor.

In an instant, before a hand could be raised to interfere, the man lay dead upon the sward, shot through the brain. No person better knew the value of decisive action at a time like this than the White Chief, and striding across the body of the boatswain so foully murdered, he faced the mutineers with an unshrinking eye, before which they quailed.

"Thus I punish mutiny. Is there another one among you who dares to murmur? If there is, let him speak, and we will settle the matter here and now. Dogs! Remember your oaths!"

Some tried to look him down, and if they had seen the least indecision in his glance, he would have fallen a victim. But, the idea of mutiny had not been considered, and the few, finding that the greater part of the crew were silently ranging themselves by the side of the captain, and that the Indians had strung their bows and stood ready, put up their weapons and slunk away. For the moment the confusion had been great, and every eye was turned upon the actors in the drama. Even the guards of Myrtle had rushed forward to join in the anticipated fray. The captain, before he lowered his weapon,

looked keenly from man to man, as striving to study out those who still hesitated ; but every eye sunk before his own, and he returned his weapons to his belt with a smile of grim meaning.

"No more of that, boys. I will be obeyed, whether by sea or land. Take away this carrion and give it burial."

"It must be at sea, then," said one of the men, respectfully. "Old Caleb could never rest on land."

"Take him out upon the bay then, and tie a couple of forties in a blanket, and sink him. The man brought it on himself, and I am as sorry as you can well be, for a better boatswain I never had. But, mutiny is mutiny, and must be punished as such. Millicent Townly?"

"Murderer!"

"Silence your infernal tongue or I will cut it out," replied the captain, brutally. "Men, your attention, if you please. We shall work all night upon the brigantine, as I wish to sail to-morrow afternoon. Carter?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Carter, falling into his old habits with the sea once more in sight.

"Are the boats ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Leave five men upon shore with me and take the rest aboard. Bend all the rigging, and get ready to hoist away the topmasts. Do all the work necessary to make it sure that we leave this bay to-morrow. Byrington?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"You are appointed boatswain of the brigantine in the place of Caleb Sloan, deceased. Well, Carter, what do you wish to say?"

"If you please," replied Carter, in a hesitating manner.

"Speak out, man: don't stammer."

"We have been so busy here, that—the prisoners—"

Vivian cast one swift glance about the camp, saw Annie and Millicent clinging together and weeping, but Mark Myerle was nowhere to be seen! Taking advantage of the confusion, he had made his escape, in what manner, no one could tell.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WAMPANOAGS. THE LAST OF THE FLYING ARROW.

FRANCIS VIVIAN uttered an execration, sprung forward to where the two girls stood, his eyes blazing, his hand uplifted. For a moment it seemed as if they were about to fall victims to his fury. He could not speak, and his breath came thick and hurried from his laboring chest.

"Girl!" he screamed, seizing Annie by the arm, "why do you not speak? Where is this coward who promised to meet me, sword in hand?"

"He has escaped from your clutches, thank God," replied Annie, fervently. "May the same Beneficent Being aid us to elude you."

"Scatter and search the woods," he screamed in the Narragansett tongue, turning to the Indians. "I will make that Indian rich who brings me his scalp!"

There was a hurried movement amid the savage band, and dark forms glided through the forest in every direction. It was now dark, but it seemed hardly possible that Mark could escape so many pursuers.

"After him, too, men," cried Vivian. "Five hundred pounds to the man who brings him back alive!"

This great reward raised a cheer among the men, and they sprung forward in pursuit. Three hours passed, and they began to return in groups of three and four, having no tidings of the escaped prisoner, who had taken some extraordinary measures for his safety. By nine o'clock most of the Indians had returned, although several kept up the search to a far later hour. The captain had some time before obtained a clue to the manner in which Mark had escaped, for one of the Indians reported that a canoe, which had been drawn up on the shore not far away, had disappeared, and that the marks of a white man's boot were plainly visible beside it.

"The coward has left you in the lurch," said Vivian, turning to Annie. "How can you continue to respect such a man?"

"He would not have gone but that I insisted upon it," replied Annie, promptly. "Beater of women, murderer of brave men, your time is nearly full. I warn you to make your peace with God if you can, for you have not long to live. The blood of your last victim, who has been only too faithful to you, and died because he would not have you disgrace yourself, cries out against you from the earth, and vengeance will surely follow your evil deeds."

Vivian shuddered, for the impassioned words of the fair girl went to his heart, and he left her with a ghastly face, leaving a guard of four men, with a promise to hang them if either of the girls escaped.

Carter came to him, followed by an Indian who had just come in.

"I wish you would speak to this fellow, captain. As near as I can make out his lingo, he has something important to say."

"Speak, my brother," said the White Chief, in the Narragansett tongue.

"The Wampanoags walk the woods," replied the Indian. "Caston has seen their footsteps, countless as the leaves which fill the forest."

"Have you found the trail?"

"Caston has followed it far."

"Which way do they turn their steps?"

"Their faces are turned toward the great salt lake," replied the Indian.

"This looks ominous," said the captain. "Away to your work, and bid the men bend their backs, if they would ever see blue water again. The Flying Arrow must never lay her bones upon this desolate coast."

Carter hurried away, and shortly after the chief who led the Narragansetts, came forward, with a troubled face.

"What is this, my brother?" he said. "Is the great canoe about to spread her wings, and fly away?"

Distrust was written upon every lineament of the Indian's face, and it was plain that he feared that Vivian was about to desert him.

"See," he said, laying an admonitory finger upon the White Chief's arm. "Seven moons ago our white brother

came into the wigwams of the Narragansetts, and said, 'Why do you suffer those white men to rob you of your land? I will help you to drive the robbers into the sea, and then sail away in my great canoe, and leave the land to the Indians.' This was well, and we came out upon the war-path. We have taken many scalps, but faster than we take them, the white men come in their great canoes, and take more land from the Indians. My brother must not go until the robbers cease from off the land."

"Have I come to you with a forked tongue?" cried the chief. "No; but the Wampanoags are on the war-path, and are too strong for us. We would spread our wings and fly to the coast which borders the land of our good friends, the Narragansetts, and be safe. Will my brothers come with me, or will they take the land for their march?"

The Indian hesitated. Narragansetts, although living on the coast, were not sailors, and did not care to make the stormy passage of Cape Cod. But, he feared that his confederate intended to desert the Narragansetts, and leave them exposed to the rage of the Wampanoags and their white allies, against whom they knew they could not stand. But, the offer of Vivian seemed so fair, and showed such a desire to do equal justice, that the simple-minded Indian was deceived.

"My brother speaks well," he said. "We will go, and hope to find the White Chief when we come to Narragansett."

"Shall you go now?"

"It is better so," replied the Indian. "The road to our country is long, and the white canoe will reach the Narragansett country long before our feet can tread it."

In half an hour's time the Indians were in motion, marching toward the south, but making a detour in order to evade the English Settlement. The histories of that time tell that they never reached their country, for they were set upon by a great band of Wampanoags in the deep recesses of the forest, and cut off to a man, and the deep valley in which they met their fate is known to this day as 'Indian glen.'"

With them we have nothing to do. They had fulfilled their part in this drama, and departed, leaving their traitorous confrere to work out his plans as best he might, and cer-

tainly no part of it was to see the Indians again. The hold of his neat brigantine was crammed with a freight of the richest skins which could be procured in the Narragansett country—skins which, in Europe, would make him one of the wealthiest men in the realm. His men were now on board ship, working like beavers, and it was more than probable that, before morning, the ship would be ready to leave her anchorage. By four o'clock all the rigging was bent, the spars sent up, the sails in their places, and all was ready to weigh anchor. Up to this time, Vivian had remained ashore with his prisoners, when he received notice from his first mate that the ship was ready, and that they had better be getting under way.

He sent back word for the men to walk the ship up to her anchors, raise all but a kedge or two, so that they could slip out at a moment's warning, but that he did not intend to sail before he had daylight enough to get the ship safely out of the harbor. Annie saw the hasty preparations with ill-concealed dismay, for she knew that if she was taken to sea in the Flying Arrow, her fate was sealed.

Yet she did not quite despair. Something had interfered to save Mark Myerle, and the same power could take her out of the hands of her enemies and bring her back to her father. Mellicent was counting the minutes as they passed, with a face denoting great apprehension; but when Vivian announced his intention of waiting for daylight, her face cleared up; she had hope for the intervening time. Just then she heard, far away, the call of a night-hawk, three times repeated, and a joyful look came into her eyes. Yet the minutes crawled slowly by, and the first glimmer of approaching dawn began to show itself over the blue sea, and no help had come. Vivian, who had been seated at the root of a tree, his weapons in his hands, rose and hailed the ship.

"Send the jolly-boat ashore; I wish to come on board. Ladies, may I ask the extreme pleasure of your company on board my ship? You see how ill-founded were any hopes you might have had that these runagade friends of yours would come to your aid. I have triumphed, and in half an hour you will be upon the trackless sea, and *in my power*. Do you understand that? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Oh, Vivian, have mercy," cried Annie, falling on her knees before him. "Do not drag me away from my father to yonder ship, and make me a companion of lawless and cruel men. As you hope for mercy when your time shall come, by your mother's prayers, by your father's memory, who died before his son had reached this height of guilt, I conjure you to let me go free."

"You plead in vain," cried Vivian. "Mine you are and mine you shall be, and naught but death shall part us twain."

"And what of me, James Wilson?" demanded Millicent, coming forward just as the cry of the night-hawk came with startling distinctness from the forest close at hand, and was answered by a loon-call on the bay. "You have made me a promise; see that you redeem it."

"You are to go with us, Mistress," replied Vivian. "You forfeited all right to my protection when you tried to aid this obstinate girl in escaping. You have said yourself that I am a born liar, and so you have no right to expect me to keep my word. You are to be the wife of Giles Carter on the same day when Annie honors me with her hand."

"Let him dare approach me!" hissed Milly, laying her hand upon the knife she still carried.

"Doubtless you will lead him an unquiet life," said Vivian, with a laugh, taking Annie's hand to lead her toward the boat, which had just landed, "but, let events shape themselves. As for Mark Myerle, the cowardly runaway, where is he now?"

"Here!" cried a clear voice, "eager to meet you, pirate!"

The villain caught Annie in his arms, and bore her toward the boat, but Millicent drew her knife and wounded him in the shoulder, while, from every side, rung out the thrilling war-cry of the Wampanoags, as they rushed, like tigers, on their prey. Drawing his sword, Vivian made a vicious thrust at the bosom of Millicent Townly, but the weapon was turned aside by a steel blade, and Saul Hinton stood before him!

"Stand aside, Saul," cried Mark Myerle.

"He is mine by right," shouted Hinton, leaping to the front.

"Come on, the pair of you!" shrieked the desperate man,

making his sword play before their eyes. "I do not fear you."

"Look to the lady, Mark," cried Saul, engaging him closely. "Take them out of danger."

Annie, whom Vivian had released, staggered to the side of her lover, and was encircled by his strong arm, while the fight became hot upon the shore. The pirates, who were not deficient in mere brute courage, lowered their boats and joined their comrades upon the red sand, and a desperate struggle began. Eutawan was everywhere, striking desperate blows, and encouraging his braves to renewed exertions, as they poured in upon the stubborn sailors. And, central figures in the wild group, Saul Hinton and Francis Vivian fought on, with the most consummate skill. The difference in stature between the two men was balanced by the activity and skill of Hinton, whose sword seemed to form a wall of steel about him on every hand. Millicent, who watched the fight with breathless interest from a little distance, saw that she had underrated the warlike qualities of Saul, and that he was more than a match for his ponderous assailant. Vivian was already bleeding from two wounds, when the point of Saul slipped under his guard, and the pirate felt his sword torn from his grasp, and sent whirling upward, while the red point of Hinton's sword was at his breast.

"Yield," cried the victor, "or I run you through the body."

Vivian attempted to draw a pistol, but before he could do it, Saul struck him with his sword-hilt, and the redoubtable leader sunk senseless on the sod.

By this time, overpowered by numbers, the sailors had gone down one by one, and eight of their number including Carter, had taken to the jolly-boat and were pulling rapidly for the ship. Mark Myerle was on the watch, and calling to Eutawan to watch the insensible leader whom Saul had overthrown, he sprung into one of the large boats, accompanied by a dozen of the bravest among the Indians, while many others plunged into the water and swam toward the ship, then hardly fifty yards away. Giles Carter reached the ship first, and attempted to cut the cables, but, before he could do it, the boat struck the side of the ship, and the Indians were

swarming on board. Most of the men were wounded, and offered but a feeble resistance, and, just as the last man went down, Mark saw Carter leaping down into the hold, with a demoniac expression upon his face.

"Away with you, men," cried Mark, turning to the Indians. "Follow me!"

There was no time to dally. Mark leaped upon the taff-rail and plunged headlong into the sea. Most of the Indians followed him, but a few lingered, and met the fate of the self-immolated sailor. There came a sullen, hissing sound, a tremendous explosion, and the masts of the brigantine rose into the air, while fragments of her hull, human bodies and tangled cordage rose together, and were scattered over sea and land for many yards around. Annie, who stood upon the shore, uttered a terrible cry, for she thought her lover had been sacrificed. A breathless minute passed, and then heads began to rise among the scattered fragments of what had been the Flying Arrow, and among them the tangled curls of Mark Myerle, safe and sound. As for Giles Carter, he had fired the magazine, and perished by the act.

A few words will explain how it was that the Wampanoags had come so opportunely to the aid of the captured girls. The runner whom Eutawan and Saul met in the forest, after their escape from the Narragansetts, had told him that nearly two hundred braves of the tribe were on the war-path, and waited for him at a point not many miles away. He at once sent the runner to them with orders to meet him at a given point, and while he was on his way to join them, they were so fortunate as to rescue Millicent from the wounded panther, which had fallen, after a severe struggle. The party were somewhat slow in coming, and before they reached the camp their enemies were gone, leaving a broad trail. It was for them to follow, with what success we know.

Millicent had expected their appearance, and it was for this she had temporized with Vivian, and talked to gain time. It was only the refusal of the outlawed man to sail in the night which had enabled the Wampanoags to come up in time to be of any use.

Vivian was not dead, and was put under a strong guard, while the recruited friends set out upon their march for Salem.

On the way Annie told her friends who the White Chief was.

"His true name is Francis Vivian. He was the younger son of a haughty English house. He had sought Annie out, and they were to have been married, when, in a street broil in London, he committed a crime for which he was forced to flee the realm. From that time, Annie never had seen his face. He was reported to have been lost at sea, and was believed to be dead."

"Five years ago," added Mark, "when he commanded a fast-sailing cruiser, called 'The Dart,' he was known as Francis Battleboro, and was reputed more of a pirate than an honest trader. In Antwerp he offered an insult to a young girl, the daughter of a friend; and for this I promised to fight him upon sight, but never saw him again until lately."

"I can tell you more," said Millicent. "Annie has confessed that the time was when she loved this man, and why should I hesitate? My father was a sailor, and some years ago he shipped as second mate of the Flying Arrow, which was in reality the Dart under a new name. We lived in Plymouth. And one day when my father came home from a cruise, he brought James Wilson to our house. I was a young girl, and such a specious tongue as his might easily win a woman. I loved him, and a few months before we were to be married, my father came home in a terrible passion, and told me that Wilson had deserted me. I found afterward that he had obtained a royal pardon for past misdeeds, and had regained the estates of his family, to which he had become heir. Then he coolly threw me aside, and went to London, from where he sent me an insulting letter, which I would have answered by a dagger if he had stood before me."

"I know the man now," said Hinton. "In a year's time he squandered the estates which had come to him, and again took to the sea. Your father never sailed with him after the time you speak of, Milly?"

"No."

"His deeds at that time were honest compared with those of the past few years, and his threats against your father were idle. We shall see what the council will say to his misdeeds."

"Eutawan has told me much of his efforts to stir up the Indians along the coast, during the years he has been cruising here. Much of the mischief is his fault, and the name of the White Chief will be a by-word for the traitor while this new country shall stand," said Mark.

So they marched into Salem in triumph, Eutawan and his band escorting them; and Annie was soon in her father's arms, while bluff Bob Townly greeted his returned daughter with sobs of joy, and all the populace turned out to meet them, and a tumultuous crowd followed them through the streets.

The council never passed their verdict upon the sins of Francis Vivian, for he broke out of the place in which he was confined and escaped to the Narragansetts, where he remained, a terror to the rising colonies.

What need to say more. In good time Annie Carnecross rewarded Mark for his devotion by becoming his wife, and Milly, bending her proud spirit, became a model wife to Saul Hinton. They passed through trials and difficulties, but did their part nobly in building up the land which is now the pride of lovers of freedom over all the world.

Eutawan remained the faithful friend of Mark Myerle, and when he led the soldiers of the colony to battle, the Wampanoag stood bravely by his side, and died at last in a great battle, fighting for his friend.

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they "spakes,"	Old Mrs. Grimes,	Dar's nuffin new under	The illigant affair at
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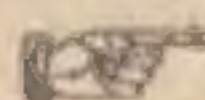
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